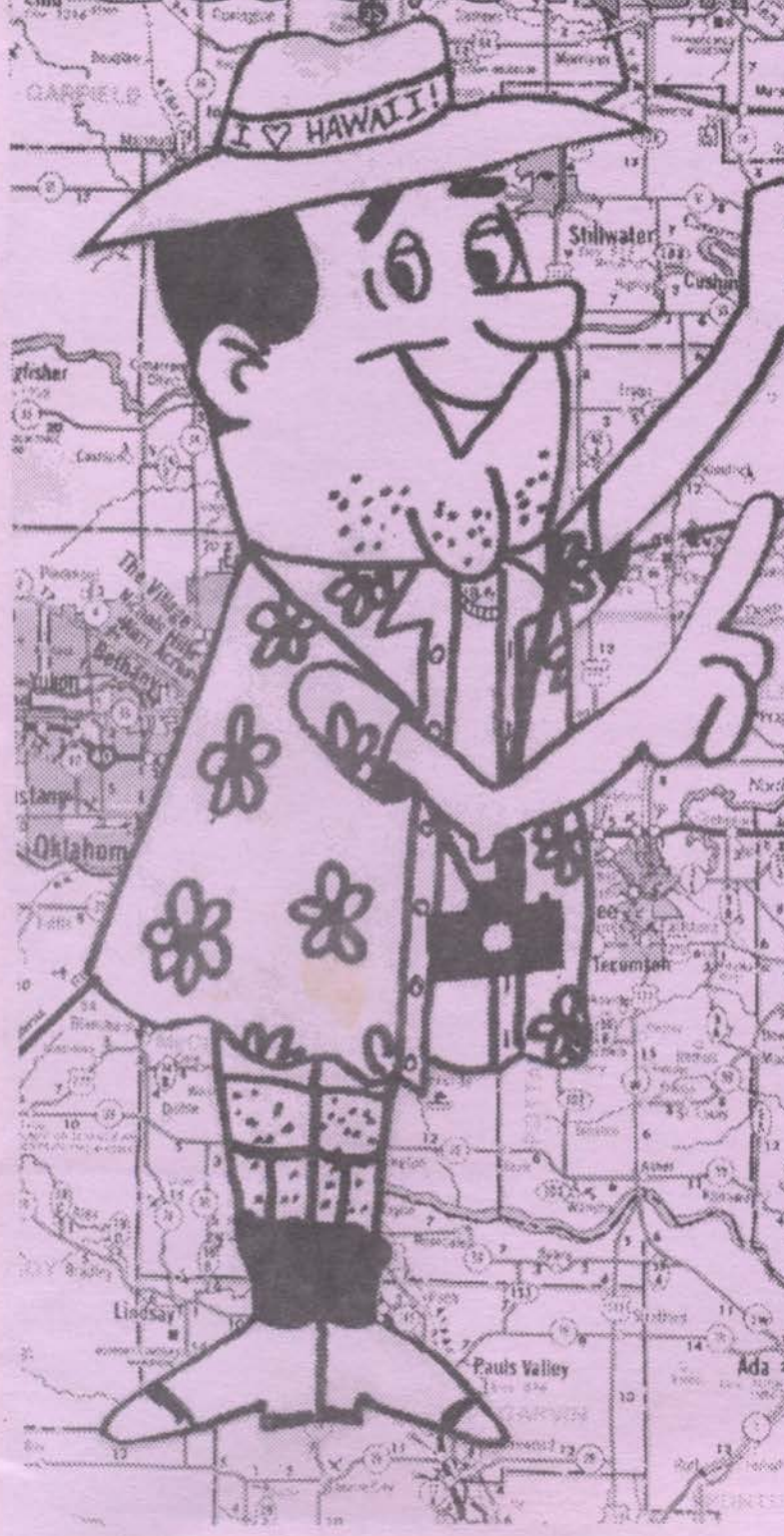
HITCH

#10 • DECEMBER 1995 / JANUARY 1996 • U.S. $3.50 / CANADA $4.50

NEW! POPE COMICS!

Get the Hell Outta Here!



The Travel Issue

(Dysentery Not Included)

- Texas' Dead JFK Convention
- Roadside Freaks
- Oregon's Scary Family Fun Park

PLUS:

Batchat with Adam West

Your Rectum, Your Friend

Johnnie Cochran's Puzzle Corner

12

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HITCH

BOYCOTTING "ACE VENTURA 2"

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Synonyms for O.J.
bald-faced liar
loathsome scum
mass-murderin' dog

HITCH is published six times a year, every two months like clockwork by **HITCH** Publishing Empire, 5504 N. Tulsa Ave., Oklahoma City, OK 73112. E-mail us at RLott@aol.com. **HITCH** welcomes anything for review, plus unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and/or artwork, but assumes no responsibility for them and won't return 'em without an SASE. **HITCH** is a not-for-profit work, with all revenues going toward printing, production, postage, distribution and supply costs. Subscriptions are $20 (Canada, $25) for one year.

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HITCH

#10 • DECEMBER 1995 / JANUARY 1996

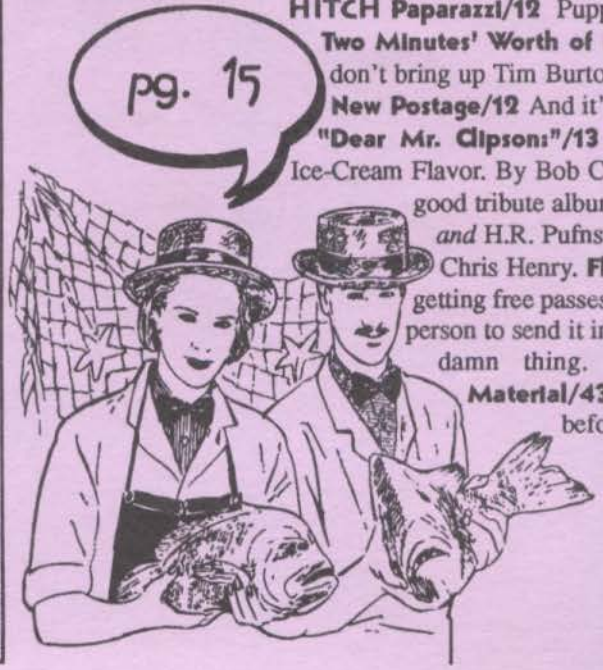
"The truth is, I practice absurdity quite religiously."
—Alfred Hitchcock

MAIN FEATURES

Get the Hell Outta Here!: The 1996 HITCH Guide to Travel/15 Featuring several good reasons to get off your ass, including: **Some Enchanted Forest/16** Visit a park your kids won't soon forget, *no matter how hard they try*. By Jamie Munn. **It's a He-man Adventure Locked Inside a Riddle, Trapped Inside an Enigma!/18** JFK, blown away. What else do we have to say? A he-man adventure by Rod Lott. **Next Freak of Nature: 5 Miles/20** Pull over and see deformed livestock (stick not included). By Brian Lundmark. **Good to the Last Saudi/24** A coffee expert puts up with people known for rubbing one another freely. By Jeff Colbert. **Fromage, N'est ce Pas?/27** Ze only guide you need to talk like ze French. By Ryun Patterson. **The Indian in the RV/27** A mini-interview with that tattooed girl from MTV's *Road Rules*. By Cybil Longfellow. **Joe a-Go-Go/28** Joe smuggles booze! By Joe Rogers. **Hop on Cherry Poppin' Daddies/30** They're a cool band, but *not* part of the travel section. By Jamie Munn.

EVERYTHING ELSE

Heapin' Mailbag/3 Sad, disturbing news of Rod's modeling future contained within. **The FBI's Fugitive of the Month/6** Or he could already have been caught for all we know. **The Robert Goulet Death Watch/6** Or he could already be dead for all we know. **Dirty Disney/6** M-I-C...See ya later!...K-E-Y...Why? Because we wanna sex you up! **STATS/7** When these people say they've got a bug up their butt, believe it. By Rod Lott. **Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews/8** *Lucas*? Better late than never. By Tom Neesnan. **Ask Dr. Murphy, Robodoc/8** I'd get that flu shot if I were you. By Dr. Murphy. **The Tweed-O-Matic/9** Step 1 in your quest to make nudie flicks. By Rod Lott and Rob Collins. **The Secret Adventures of the Pope/10** The beginning of **HITCH**'s exclusive new sacrilegous comic strip. By Merrell "Root" Hamer. **Way-Out Wes/11** Run, readers, run! It's the hunk from *Land of the Lost*! By Dan Obenhaus. **Johnnie Cochran's Puzzle Corner/11** Get your Mont Blanc ready! **Richard "Rich" Pringle's Impressive Sayin's/11** We are not to be held responsible. By Richard "Rich" Pringle. **HITCH Paparazzi/12** Puppet molestation, captured on film! **Two Minutes' Worth of Batchat with Adam West/12** Just don't bring up Tim Burton. By Rod Lott. **USPS Shows Off New Postage/12** And it'll make you run! By John Scariano. **"Dear Mr. Clipson:"/13** Bob writes about The Accidental Ice-Cream Flavor. By Bob Clipson. **Now Ear This/31** A rarity: good tribute albums. **Videos/32** Anna Nicole, KISS *and* H.R. Pufnstuf? Yep. Reviews by Rod Lott and Chris Henry. **Flicks/38** Our new section to justify getting free passes. **HITCH Crossword/42** The first person to send it in with all answers correct gets not a damn thing. By Taylor Holland. **Reading Material/43** Now with less zines than ever before!



COVER

Our unofficial mascot takes a week off. Unapologetic clip art manipulation by Rod.

Please send all kindhearted words, acrimonious missives and items for review to Heapin' Mailbag, c/o **HITCH**, *5504 N. Tulsa Avenue, Oklahoma City, OK 73112. Or e-mail us at RLott@aol.com. All mail is subject to extreme ridicule.*

WWW.SUCKUP.COM

Dear Rod–

Saw **HITCH** on the web. I thought it was really funny. Would love to get a sample issue.

Jeff Suggs
Lawrence, KS

Thanks, Jeff. It is really funny. Now really send us money.

Hi, Rod,

I accidentally stumbled on the web page. Glad to see you out here. Class act, by the way. As usual. Great opening page. Made me squirm....Kudos and keep up the good work.

Doug Carroll
Occoquan, VA

Rod,

HITCH Online looks great! It looks like you're gathering quite a following! I got busted by my boss for looking at the page during work, so I hope you appreciate the sacrifices I'm making for you!

Amy Morris
Dallas, TX

Not really, Amy. My intention all along was to see you unemployed. Please access the site again when your boss passes by your measly cubicle.

Rod,

Congrats! Great job on the HotWired review. I do sincerely believe that you are going beat the odds, despite the fierce competition. You certainly have more than enough talent and determination to do it. Keep it up. Better than *Spy*, eh? Wow! Got your latest issue (#9), and again, it is funny stuff!

Sam Effinger
Moore, OK

MAIL WITH THE F-WORD

Rod,

How goes it? Saw an interview with you in *Schlock* (it rules) and I am *very* interested in checking out **HITCH**, K? There's a lot I wanted to talk about to you about stuff you mentioned in yer interview, but unfortunately, I is too damn tarned!! I'll be sure to write you another letter after I check out your magazine, K? Enclosed is $4 for the current ish of **HITCH**. *Pleez* send immediately, K? I'd appreciate it! It is severely culturally retarded here in Hutchinson and practically all of KS with the x-ception of a few towns. One reason I is so tired is cuz I wuz digging thru videos & watched a movie called *Soul Hustler* w/ Fabian as a hippie-type evangelist!! Have you ever seen it? Itz a fucking riot!! Plus I engaged in some doobage consumption. Anyhooo...send **HITCH** soon, K?

P.S. I also consumed 2 bottles of Rolling Rock & watched *Dolemite*!!

Dennis Dysfunctional
Hutchinson, KS

You'll be pleased to know, Dennis, that I produced this edition under the influence of a mean glass of Fresca.

Rod–

The new issue (**HITCH** 7) was amazing. I loved the Grand Canyon piece ("America's Biggest Hole"). The "Beat-O-Matic" game was really funny. Have you

STRUCTURE

Rod Lott
5504 N Tulsa Ave
Oklahoma City OK 73112-2170

September 2, 1995

Dear Rod:

Thank you for your participation in the Structure Underwear Model Search.

We were overwhelmed by the thousands and thousands of entries we received. There were many health conscious, style conscious men, like yourself who entered, which made our selection process very difficult. However, we regret to inform you that you were not selected to be one of the ten finalists in the model search.

We thank you for your participation and as a token of our gratitude, please accept the attached coupon to take $15 off any purchase of $60 or more at Structure. This coupon is redeemable through October 14, 1995.

We invite you to view the entire Structure Fall Collection at the nearest Structure. Please call 1-800-945-1001 for the Structure store closest to you.

Again, thank you for participating in the Structure Underwear Model Search. We look forward to your next visit at Structure.

Regards,

David L. Mangini
President

A LETTER FROM THAT ROD GUY

I hope you enjoyed October's issue of **HITCH**. It came *thisdamnclose* to being the last.

Why? Oh, nothing really. I just almost died is all.

While I'm far from being a student of Jack LaLanne or a steroid-popping fool intent on looking like Joe Piscopo, I'm also far from being a do-nothing soul who leads a sedentary lifestyle. I *am* a he-man, after all. This is why I was shocked, amazed and utterly taken aback by the events that unfolded Aug. 30 — the day I came within delicate seconds to breathing my final gasps of air, thus ending my life as I know it.

And this is how it happened, in abridged *Reader's Digest*-style: Somehow I got roped into participating in a bed race at the medical campus where I work. Held annually, the event officially kicks off the United Way's fundraising campaign for the year. In the race, teams of four push a guy on a hospital bed a mile. I was part of the leg that took the final, uphill stretch on this day where the temp was hovering above 100°.

Afterwards, I felt too ill to walk the quarter-mile down the hill to where the water was. So I sat on the grass until I felt too ill to do that. So I lay down. No one brought me water as I requested. After the event was over, everyone went back to work. Except me. I continued to lay on the ground, unable to get up. I stayed there for about 45 minutes before a curious cop walked me into the Children's Hospital (not because I'm a child, but because we were 50 steps away from its door) to cool me down. He sat me in the snack bar, told me to relax and I'd be fine.

I wasn't. As soon as he left, I felt my body begin to give. I called for help. Some woman rubbed ice cubes on my wrist while waiting for emergency personnel to arrive. When they did, I couldn't even sit up; I was slumped against the wall. My blood pressure had dropped dangerously low to 80 over 60, I was turning blue, I was ever thought of doing a long-form article on the Sidaris films? I rented *The Dallas Connection*. Man, what a fucked-up movie.

Jon
Olympia, WA

THE USUAL

Dear Rod:

I am glad **HITCH** is so well-received, and I thought the latest issue (**HITCH** 8) was great. My favorite part was "Fast Food Horrors!," although I certainly don't want to eat anything, even from a sealed container. I check everything I eat for visible contamination, but don't enjoy eating it, because some food preparation worker could have stirred it in good!

Fred Hamilton
N. Myrtle Beach, SC

Dear Rod–

Please send **HITCH** 6, as I need to know all about Mentos ("The Mentos FAQ")!

Andru Reeve
Sacramento, CA

Greetings:

Saw your zine in *Factsheet 5* and it sounded like something I need to read. In fact, I'm sending payment for *two* issues. I look forward to hearing from you (getting **HITCH**ed?) soon.

Ernie Santilli
Drexel Hill, PA

Dear Rod M. Lott–

Please send me your latest **HITCH** or whichever one you feel best about. I read about you in *Factsheet 5*. Good luck in all your future endeavors.

I'm 32. I don't offend easily.

Robert Gipe
Oakman, AL

Oh, no? How 'bout this, then?: A 32-year-old man named Robert Gipe walks into a bar...

Rod,

I finally was able to really read **HITCH** 8 cover to cover, and all I have to say is thanks a lot for making it nearly impossible for me to eat a meal in a restaurant ("Fast Food Horrors")! The only bodily fluid not mentioned as part of a meal was vomit, I believe, but there's probably someone who has put that into a mushroom omelet, too, I guess. Anyway, my cooking is better than most restaurants here anyway, so thanks for saving us the extra cash, too. Am much looking forward to the next issue.

John Scariano
Albuquerque, NM

Rod,

Here's something to file next to your Mentos facts: Lately here in Houston, they've been running a bunch of ads on TV for Storr Chocolate Riesen (rhymes with season) that are obviously European in origin.

And here's two sure signs that the end is nigh...1) "*Baywatch* Barbie," which comes with an electric dolphin for her to rescue ("Screw the beachgoers! I gotta rescue that dolphin!!!"), and 2) The spinoff series, *Baywatch Nights* (It's like *Baywatch*...but...it's at night!).

Shoot me now!!!

David Moncrief
Houston, TX

Rod,

Been reading your **HITCH** zine for the past couple of issues. It really cracks me up. Must be a lot of work.

Steve Hill
Oklahoma City, OK

Rod,

Thanks for the latest issue of **HITCH**, hee-larious as usual. I don't think it's wise for your wife to tell the world that she purchases contemporary country music ("Country Music Cuties: It's Not Just Their Hits That Are Big"); some things should be practiced silently. You used the word "anachronistic" twice; I love that word.

Dean Williams
Chicago, IL

Rod...

Yes, I've finally gotten around to subscribing to your awesome mag. My favorite Ghostbuster is Steven Spielberg (*Casper*).

Todd Lesser
Reisterstown, MD

Hi, Rod!

How ya doin'? Thanks for the latest (**HITCH** 9). Again, always a knee-slappin' read. Regarding "A Norris for a Norris," did I ever tell you that a Chuck Norris flick was filmed right in front of my

apartment? The crews worked all day setting up this contraption, then a car came careening down my street, hit a water truck, flipped over and then exploded. Of course, I didn't take pictures.

John Chilson
San Diego, CA

Dear Rod,

Please send along issue #8 of **HITCH**. (Here's some money.) I love this thing and have been spreading the word. Keep up the good work!

Stephanie Webb
Madison, WI

CONTRIBUTORS KISS ASS

Hi Ron,

Got **HITCH**ed again this weekend, and thank you, sweet Lott, for the second-best issue to date (**HITCH** 9). I love being in the Heapin' Mailbag. I especially loved the pics of you flexing like the mad beast you are in "Brief Encounter," as well as "STATS: Lustful Livestock," "Top 3 Actresses Who Somehow Appear Even More Attractive Standing Next to Me" and something else I can't rightly remember. I also laughed heartily at "An Open Letter to the Guy Who Stole My Washer and Dryer from the Side of My House Last Week." Very nice. The thing about Jerry Garcia was funny, too. These are all gems to be treasured.

Taylor Holland
Austin, TX

Rod,

Got the new **HITCH** (#9) today. YAAAAAAYYÝYYY!!!!! Looks as if the ol' sarcasm element is more biting than ever before. I'll be more specific after I've had time to read it all. My favorite line so far: "Someone wasted two and a half years of his life." Laughed loud and long! I really appreciate you pointing out that I was in no way connected to the *Video Bingo* review.

Chris Henry
Swainsboro, GA

Rod,

Did you see *PrimeTime Live* Sept. 28? If you missed it, they sent employees into restaurants with hidden cameras to reveal the disgusting things they do with and around our food. Included was a lady who stuck her hand in her pants to take care of a personal itch and then proceeded to handle food and money without washing her hands. Was this exposé a result of an original idea or a blatant rip off of **HITCH** ("Fast Food Horrors!," **HITCH** 8)? Coincidence? I think not!

Ken Davis
Wichita, KS

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Dear Mr. Lott,

I really liked your drugstore tales ("Sex, Drugs and Medicated Pads: Drugstore Horror Stories," **HITCH** 9). In fact, I've got one that happened to me: I showed this old guy where the enemas were. He was reading the boxes and casually commented, "So, I guess how you work these things is, put it up your heiny and *squeeze!*"

By the way, **HITCH** is certainly an unusual name. Has it always been named that?

Travis Eastman
Oklahoma City, OK

Actually, Travis, no. For our first eight issues, we went under the moniker of Insane Monkey Love.

so dehydrated that I was no longer sweating and, of most concern, they couldn't find a pulse on me.

So they wheeled me next door to the University Hospital, where the full extent of high-tech treatment I received was...a cup of water. (Two cups, actually.) No IV or other usual precautions, just *water*. As it turns out, it was the most expensive water I've ever had, boiling down to a fee of *$66.42*. I was utterly frightened when a woman approached my stretcher to ask if I had a living will. "No," I said. "Then will you sign this piece of paper stating that you do not?" she asked.

To make matters worse, not one of the women in the ER looked anything remotely like Sherry Stringfield.

After three hours or so, I was sent back to work with my clothes wet from sweat and my hair covered in grass. No one at my office knew where I was. Under doctor's orders, I went home for the remainder of the afternoon. There, I drank gallon after gallon of All-Sport and thus, urinated a record 274 times.

But now I'm fine and, most importantly, alive. And it's a good thing, too, because the song that was playing at the height of my crisis was the Righteous Brothers' tired "Unchained Melody." If I had died then, it would've been a gyp. I sure as hell didn't spend 24+ years on this earth to go out being reminded of Patrick Swayze.

✪ ✪ ✪

Although more than a month later than we'd previously warned you, **HITCH** was featured on the ever-popular HotWired Internet site. Our thanks to *Factsheet 5*'s R. Seth Friedman, who wrote the piece, including: "If this sounds a like *Spy* to you, you're right on course — the difference being that **HITCH** is consistently funny and entertaining."

As an admirer of *Spy* since 1988, I guess this is one the finest compliments we've yet to receive. It sure makes up for the subhead that read, "Zine nerds get sassy in **HITCH**." *Nerds? Wha'choo talkin' bout, Willis?*

Oh, yeah, to discourage old people from reading this magazine, we've now decreased the point size here and there. So settle down with a nice, steamin' plate of Chef Boyardee's X-Men pasta and get to reading.

WIN $$$!

The FBI's Fugitive of the Month

WANTED

For Damage/Destruction to Government Property, et al.

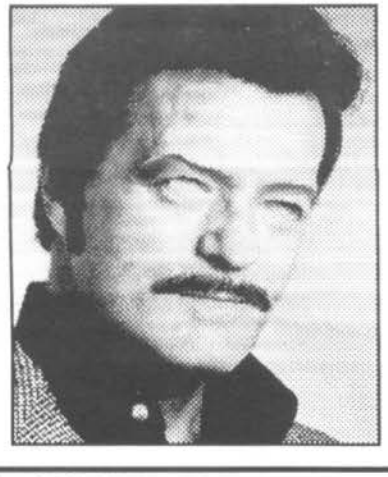
Claude Daniel Marks

ALIAS: Claudio Daniel Makowski, John Chester Clark, Edward Cole, Charles Everett, Michael Hamlin, C. Henley, Dale Allen Martin, Tony McCormick, Michael Prentiss, Brian Wilcox
DOB: 12 / 31 / 49
BIRTHPLACE: Argentina
HEIGHT / WEIGHT: 6', 190 lbs.
BUILD: heavy
HAIR: brown
EYES: brown
COMPLEXION: medium
RACE: white
SOCIAL SECURITY: 551-80-8393, among others
IDENTIFYING SCARS: mole on neck

Despite the fact that he is in possession of unregistered firearms, is an enthusiast of the martial arts, is "into" the whole weapons and explosive thing and has worked as both a fast-food cook and a DJ, this guy looks like he could be your English professor.

Or Richard Dreyfuss.

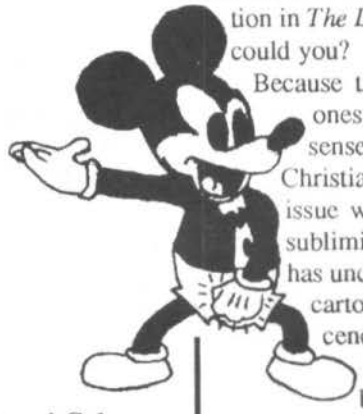
In true nutcase fashion, he planned to use bombs to free a fellow terrorist group member from Leavenworth's famed facility. Smart move. Should he try again, you readers in Kansas might want to give the KC FBI HQ a buzz at (816) 221-6100.



The Robert Goulet DEATH WATCH

Approximately 26 years and 2 months remaining

Dirty Disney



The letters "SEX" in *The Lion King*? A lewd come-on in *Aladdin*? A visible erection in *The Little Mermaid*? Disney, how could you?

Because their animators are the only ones in the corporation with a sense of humor, of course. But a Christian family league has taken issue with Disney over the not-so-subliminal images and messages it has uncovered in these megamillion cartoons. Disney's claiming innocence, but let's face the facts: Animators are a devious breed. These are the same guys who removed Jessica Rabbit's dress from a frame of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, remember.

Much of their in-jokes, however, have gone unnoticed by most. Below represents what we believe is the most comprehensive catalogue of subversive adult jokes they've squeaked by.

Cinderella – Cinderella's three-frame "cold sores."

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs – Sleepy is heard to whisper to Snow, "Hey, ho. It's off to bed we go."

DuckTales: The Movie – Scrooge McDuck quietly slips his nephews some "hush money."

Chip and Dale – Judy Garland records spotted in back of the crafty squirrels' home.

A Goofy Movie – At one point, Goofy's pupils form the letters "AC" and "DC."

Pinocchio – The puppet boy blows his nose in a most self-pleasurable manner.

Fantasia – Three words, Mickey: *Those aren't brooms.*

SAID

Customer: "I need some envelopes."

Postal Worker: "Okay, what kind?"

Customer: "You know, the kind you send stuff in."

—overheard at the post office

STATS

Your Rectum, Your Friend

Not that any of our readers have cause for alarm, but did you know that inserting things into your colon, rectum and/or anus can result in death?

It's true. And, according to doctors, there are strange people in America shoving things up their bums on a daily basis. A 1969 study stated the problem was most common in recently widowed senior citizens, who apparently compensated for the loss of their lifemate by inserting their dentures into the wrong end. A 1986 review, however, places the current blame on young to middle-aged males, and of various sexual preferences. The ratio of male to female cases is approximately 28:1. Although the patients are more than likely to survive, at least 11 people have died as a direct result of having things put in their bottoms.

Among the more interesting cases of things that got stuck over the past few decades:

☞ A 28-year-old man complaining of bowel problems was revealed to have been hiding "a large peculiar soft boggy mass (of) vegetable matter." After questioning by doctors, he admitted he had been masturbating with a turnip and "lost control." Other men committed similar slip-ups with a knife sharpener a water tumbler, a broken broom handle and a toothbrush holder.

☞ A 27-year-old man, claiming he was massaging his prostate, inserted a light bulb. To retrieve the device, doctors attached a socket to the end of a broom and screwed away. This also happened to a 52-year-old man by several drunk "friends." Close pals were also the culprit in the case of a 38-year-old man with a rolled-up magazine.

☞ A 39-year-old man placed a bottle of Impulse Body Spray into his rectum. When it became stuck, he tried unsuccessfully to remove it with a back scratcher. He told doctors he had "used" this very bottle before and never had this problem. Following removal, he refused psychological counseling. It is of great significance to note this man was a lawyer.

☞ A 39-year-old man complaining of two weeks of bloody diarrhea was found with a 20-cm-long dildo.

☞ A 54-year-old man admitted to inserting a pair of apples by himself, after previously reporting to police that he had been assaulted by men who inserted a cucumber and a parsnip.

☞ A man complaining of hemorrhoids said he was told by a pharmacist to use cold cream and lemon juice. The man ended up in the hospital for removal of a jar of cream and a whole lemon. No hemorrhoids were present.

Below is a list of all 168 cases of reported foreign bodies inserted into and removed from people's rectums. For those with asteriks, the number may actually be larger. Interestingly, gerbils did not chart.

—Rod Lott

OBJECT , # RECOVERED

Glass or ceramic (57)
- bottle or jar, 31
- bottle with attached rope, 1
- glass or cup, 12
- light bulb, 7
- tube, 6

Food, 19
- apple, 1
- banana, 2
- carrot, 4
- cucumber, 3
- onion, 2
- parsnip, 1
- plantain (with condom), 1
- potato, 1
- salami, 1
- turnip, 1
- zucchini, 2

Wooden, 14
- ax handle, 1
- stick or broom handle, 10
- miscellaneous or unspecified, 3

*Sexual devices, 38**
- vibrator, 23*
- dildo, 15

Kitchen devices, 8
- dull knife, 1
- ice pick, 1
- knife sharpener, 1
- mortar pestle, 2
- spatula (plastic), 1
- spoon, 1
- tin cup, 1

Miscellaneous tools, 10
- candle, 1
- flashlight, 2
- iron rod, 1
- pen, 2
- rubber tube, 1
- screwdriver, 1
- toothbrush, 1
- wire spring, 1

Inflated devices, 3
- balloon, 1
- balloon attached to cylinder, 1
- condom, 1

Balls, 3
- baseball, 2
- tennis ball, 1

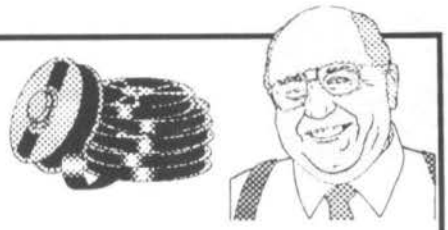
Miscellaneous containers, 3
- baby powder can, 1
- candle box, 1
- snuff box, 1

*Miscellaneous, 13**
- bottle cap, 1
- cattle horn, 3
- frozen pig's tail, 1
- kangaroo tumor, 1
- plastic rod, 1
- stone, 2
- toothbrush holder, 1
- toothbrush package, 1
- whip handle, 2*

Collections, 14 (approx. 500 objects total)
- 2 glass tubes
- 72 1/2 jeweler's saw
- oil can with potato stopper
- piece of wood, peanut
- umbrella handle and enema tubing
- 2 glasses
- phosphorous match ends
- 402 stones
- toolbox (w/ tools, in prisoner)
- 2 bars of soap
- beer glass and preserving pot
- lemon and jar of cold cream
- 2 apples
- spectacles, suitcase key, tobacco pouch and magazine

H

Have you ever had an allergic reaction to eating eggs so serious that it required medical treatment?.....Yes____ No_____



Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews

Lucas
(1986)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This is a delightful tale starring the man from *Men at Work*. In this film about a small lad with a big heart, much wackiness and mayhem is to be enjoyed by all. The small lad, who is named Lucas, not unlike this movie, tries out for the ball squad at the school he attends. He tries to win the heart of a pretty girl. He also likes to look at bugs. Eek! Can't wait 'til you see what happens! When you see this film, try to spot the girl from *Welcome Home Harold Carmichael*.

Beverly Hills Brats
(1989)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

In this motion picture, the man whose son was in *Lucas* not only stars, but directs! Can you believe that? My father sold eggs at the market, but that is another story. This story, however, is quite good. A young boy leaves his folks and is kidnapped by bad guys, and then crazy stuff happens, even crazier than *Jimmy the Kid*. I will tell no more; won't want to spoil it! Go see *Beverly Hills Brats*, and look for the star of *Lucas*' dad! He acts good!

'Crocodile' Dundee II
(1988)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This is another great film about the land of Australia, home of Australian football, which I like. It is different than other movies in that you just don't stop laughing until it is over! Ha-ha, I was just remembering one funny part; there were at least nine in the first 15 minutes alone! If my math is still good, that is 76 percent! Go see this film and get 110% of your money's worth!

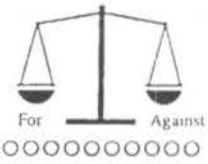
Ask Dr. Murphy, ROBODOC

Dr. Murphy is a family practitioner in Boise, Idaho. A father of two, he is a graduate of Harvard Medical School, president of the Idaho Medical Association and can singe things with his left eye. He is a cyborg.

Dear Dr. Murphy: Now that it's almost winter yet again, flu season is upon us. Ever since I was a child, I've always managed to make it to spring without getting the flu, and without having had a flu shot at that! This year, however, I'm not so sure. Given the progressive weakened state of my immune system lately, I think 1995 may be the year it finally hits me. I don't want to let that happen, of course, but the problem is, I'm frightened of needles! The sight of them makes me positively shriek like a banshee! Do you have any advice for acknowledged fraidy-cats like me? —Aaron P.

Dear Aaron: Faced with what is most certainly sheer impending doom, your juvenile reluctance to be administered simple preventive care does not compute. Is your life so inutile that you would permit your petty pusillanimity to outweigh it? Perhaps an illustration will guide you toward selecting the correct option which will result in your longevity. Below are two examples I have adapted especially for you based upon Carter's flu decision model worksheets for influenza-related outcomes (1986). I instruct you to read each passage and then, using a No. 2 pencil and making your marks dark, fill in the circle underneath the scale that best corresponds with your emotional position regarding said passage.

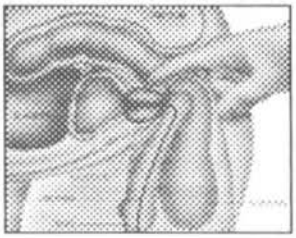
Potential Consequences of Aaron's Failure to Procure a Flu Shot



1. Aaron might catch the flu and, in a best-case scenario, be subjected to a mild fever, aching muscles, slight nausea and a ephemeral bout of diarrhea for a day or two.

2. Aaron could die.

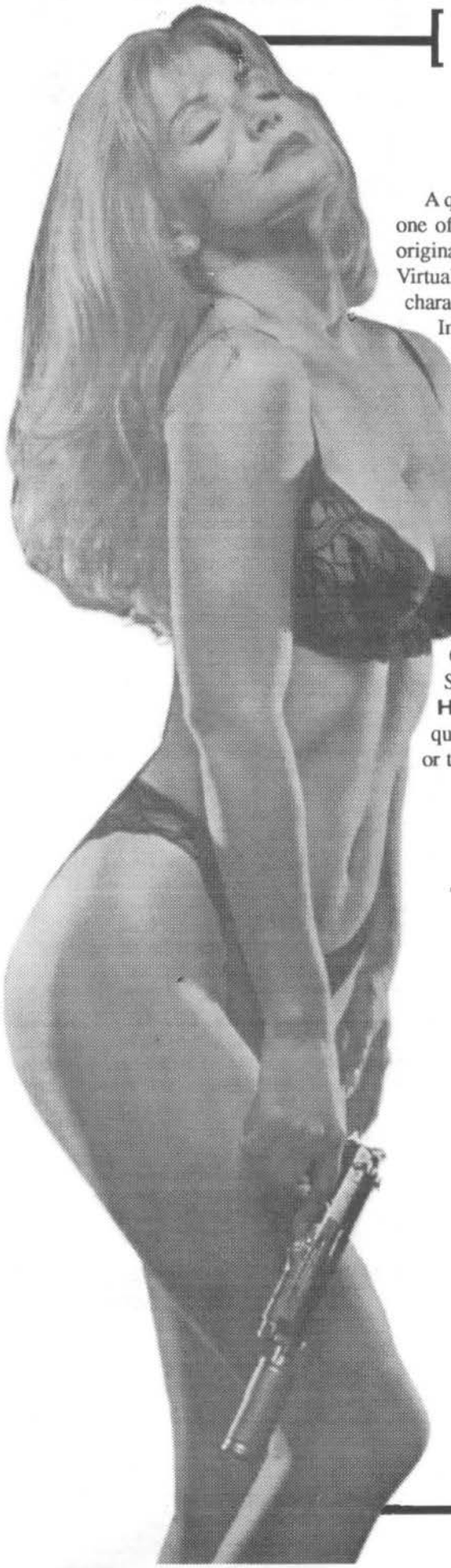
According to my internal logic chip, the choice is lucid: There is no choice. Allow yourself to receive the injection. If, however, you fear your aversion to hypodermic syringes may prohibit you from seeking this measure, an alternative exists. For the past 10.5 months, I have been experimenting with a sharp-free vaccination process, utilizing only the penetrating forces of my retina. It operates as such: Come to my office and I will singe the affected area with my left eye. I am a cyborg.



HITCH Goes Digital!

Relive some of HITCH's greatest moments and cheapest depths on the totally renovated and continually updated HITCH Online!

http://www.ionet.net/~twilken/hitched.shtml



The Tweed-O-Matic

HITCH's Exclusive Erotic Thriller Instant Title Generator

A quick scan of the video shelves or the late-night cable grid reveals what has become one of Tinseltown's most profitable B-movie trends: the erotic thriller. While far from original, hungry viewers (much like the flicks' in-heat stars) just can't get enough! Virtually indistinguishable, all erotic thrillers – and there are many – have the same plot, characters, ending...heck, even the same boobs!

In fact, the only thing about them that does change are the titles...but just barely. Face it: It's no secret that they're as unimaginative as the movies themselves. They're really pretty basic. Or fatal. Or indecent.

Since the scripts for these cheapies decry creativity of any kind, anyone can write one. The hardest part is coming up with a title, and – wouldn't you know it? – we've taken care of that for you already. Simply match one word from Column A with one from Column B for each erotic thriller you care to write. Although all the words come from actual releases, don't worry about exhausting the pool, either; there are a mind-boggling 1,296 possible combinations, and only a handful of them have been used to date.

At an average running time of 90 minutes a pop (no pun intended), that's a total of 116,640 minutes of predictable intrigue and heaving mounds of flesh-wrapped silicone. That boils down to 1,944 potential hours of programming for Cinemax – 81 solid days straight if they so desired!

So get crackin' on your script, and when you're done 30 minutes later, consult **HITCH**'s Tweed-O-Matic for your perfect title. Then just throw a wad of cash at the queen of the erotic thriller, Shannon Tweed (for whom this device is lovingly named), or the heir to her throne, Shannon Whirry, and be sure to send us a screener!

—Rod Lott and Rob Collins

Column A		Column B	
Animal	Hard	Attraction	Influence
Bad	Hidden	Awakening	Instinct
Basic	Illicit	Behavior	Intent
Blind	Indecent	Chemistry	Love
Body (of)	Inner	Conduct	Malice
Carnal	Mirror	Crimes	Obsession
Cold	Naked	Deception	Outlaws
Criminal	Night	Desires	Passion
Dangerous	Object of	Dreams	Play
Dark	Physical	Ecstasy	Proposal
Deadly	Private	Evidence	Pursuit
Deep	Savage	Eyes	Response
Double	Secret	Games	Rhythms
Erotic	Sensual	Hearts	Sanctum
Evil	Sexual	Heat	Seduction
Exotic	Ultimate	Illusions	Sins
Fatal	Victim of	Images	Sweat
Forbidden	Wild	Indiscretion	Vision

Merrell "Root" Hamer & Root Studio present the secret adventures of....

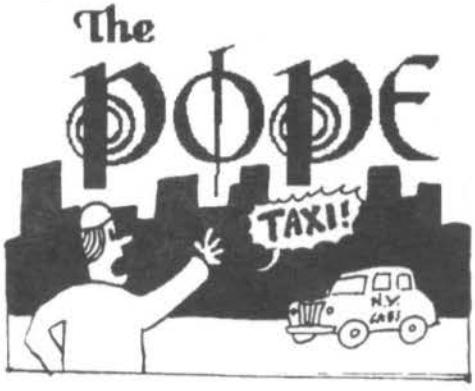
The POPE

How did this happen???
He must have gotten too excited while watching one of his films + had a heart attack!
FASTER PUSSYCAT! KILL! KILL!

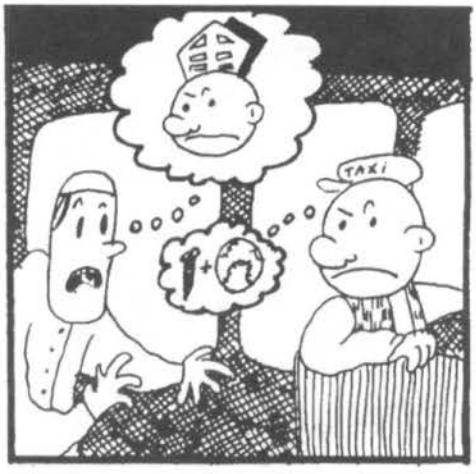
This couldn't have happened at a worse time! We were all set for the Pope's World Tour!
Hey. Did someone in here ask for the Holy Catfish?

Merrell "Root" Hamer & Root Studio present the secret adventures of....

The POPE



I just can't believe this... Since the Pope has died, I have to come to New York to announce the cancellation of his world tour!
TAXI
Where to Mac?



Way Out Wes

I couldn't believe Will was sitting right in front of me. You all know the story: Marshall, Will and Holly were on a routine expedition when the greatest earthquake ever known plunged their tiny raft 10,000 feet below to the *Land of the Lost*.

Will, who plays "Wesley Eure" in reality, was at an Oklahoma City bookstore signing *Pimpy Panda Learns to Wipe Himself* or something, a children's book he'd written. But get this: He was involved in a some wearying exchange – how long he was "Utah Blane" on *One Life to Live*, maybe – with a clutch of female admirers.

"Will," I said, "c'mon, why are you talking such nonsense? How are you and Chacka going to make it to the pylons in time? How come none of those fearsome meat-eaters have teeth? And why isn't that one good sleestack (identifiable as the only English-speaking, non-nude sleestack) ever arraigned on charges of high treason?" Hello...middle-earth to Will!

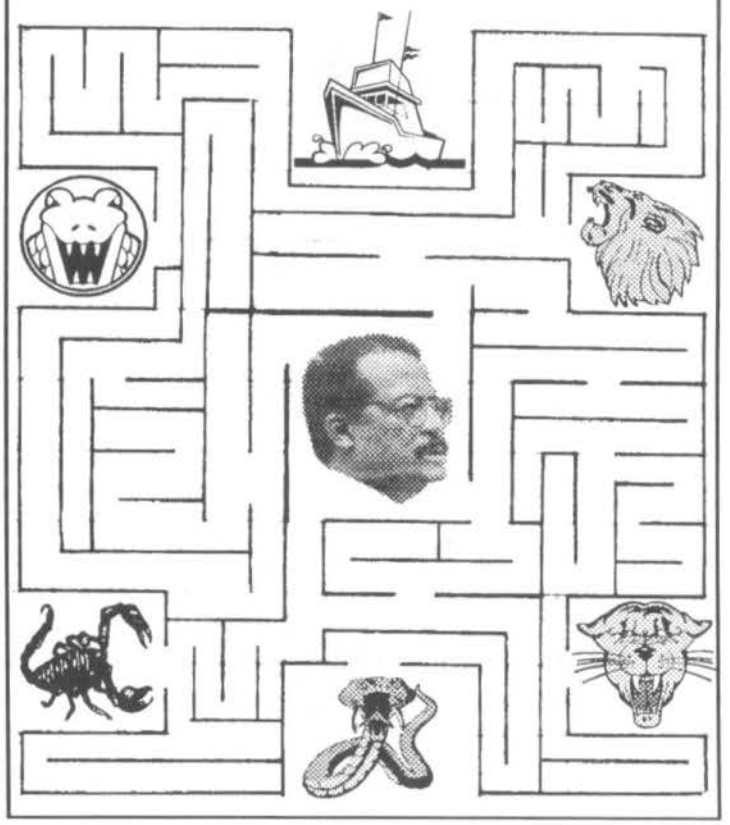
That's when – and I swear – with his hands, he parted the stalks in this prehistoric flower arrangement, stuck his head through and, with all the bug-eyed melodrama he could collect, half-whispered, half-shouted, "Run, Holly, a dinosaur!"

I began to cry.

—Dan Obenhaus

Johnnie Cochran's Puzzle Corner

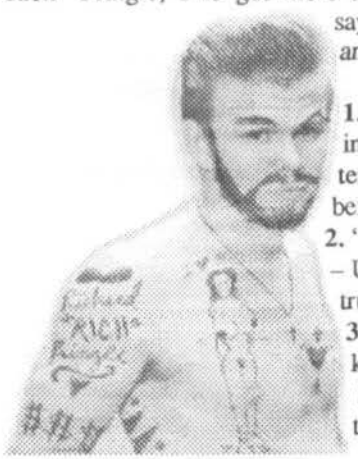
Help, kids! Superlawyer Johnnie is trapped in the Jungle of Doomed Treachery with many ferocious creatures! Can *you* show him the way back to his yacht he purchased with blood money in order to escape from the jaws of certain death?



Richard "Rich" Pringle's Impressive Sayin's

Howdy there, Richard Pringle here, but as part of my new image, I'm a-callin' myself Richard "Rich" Pringle, partly 'cuz "Rich" sounds just plum elegant, other partly 'cuz I want the womenfolk ta think I gots lots o' cash!

So, if'n all y'all wanna be cool and poplar like me, Richard "Rich" Pringle, I've got more tips fer ya. Use the following sayin's in any instance ta be sly and snag some beef.



1. "She's as nervous as a whore in church!" – Use to tell how jittery your weekend date were before you got her drunk.

2. "It's bigger'n a hippo's cooter!" – Use ta describe the tires on your truck.

3. "There's more ass than a donkey auction!" – Use ta describe how many womenfolk was at the bar.

4. "It was slicker'n monkey spooge!" – Use ta describe how neat somethin' were.

5. "It was as rusty as the Pope's zipper!" – Use ta tell how stuck the bolts was on yer axle.

6. "They were smaller'n mongoose balls!" – Use ta tell how small somethin' were.

7. "That's the best thing since welfare!" – Use ta tell how good the new Chuck Norris movie were. It's sorta like the one about sliced bread, but I got a hold of it! (And everyone knows welfare's better'n sliced bread anyhows.)

8. "I had a wood that a woodchuck couldn't chuck!" – Use ta describe how horny you was.

9. "It was funner'n a *Hustler* and some hand lotion!" – Use ta tell about good times.

10. "It smelled sweeter'n a scratch-'n'-sniff titty bar!" – Use ta tell how good somethin' smelled.

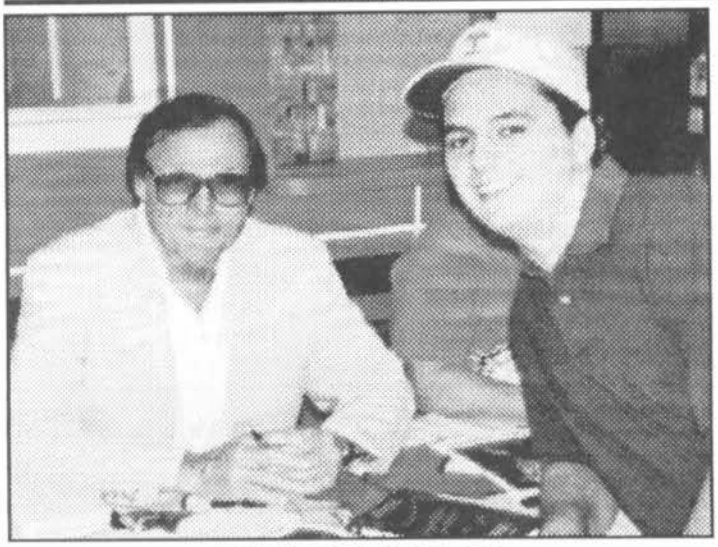
So use these sayin's and I guarantee you'll impress the ladies and will soon be doin' the mommy-daddy dance.

—Richard "Rich" Pringle

HITCH Paparazzi

The old adage "There's more than one fish in the sea" is true, as this feisty little marlin advertises for her spawning partner.

Harold the puppeteer puts his hand up the ass of Billy the Buzzard, the only action he has seen since he resigned as a Boy Scout camp counselor.



BIFF! POW! SOCK!

Two Minutes' Worth of Batchat with Adam West

HITCH: Have you read Burt Ward's book yet?

West: I scanned it.

HITCH: So what did you think?

West: Trashy. Unbelievably trashy. He made me out to be like Errol Flynn's trainer....Poor Burt.

HITCH: What did you think of *Batman Forever*?

West: I saw it on an airplane recently, and I liked it better than the first two.

HITCH: Why?

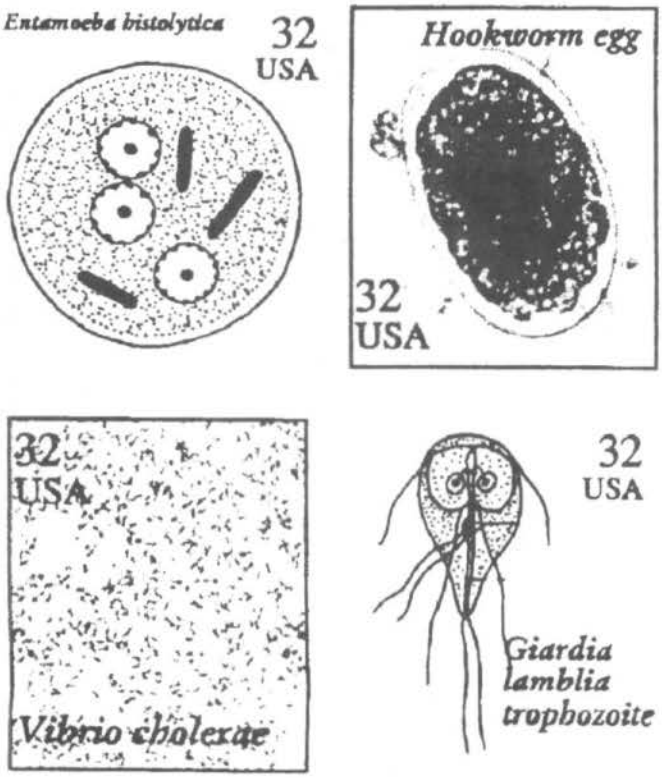
West: I thought it was much more spirited and lighthearted than the others.

HITCH: Did you ever get chafed sliding down the Batpole?

West: No, but it had wet paint on it sometimes.

—Rod Lott

USPS Shows Off New Postage



In response to the overwhelmingly negative public response to the Richard Nixon stamp, the United States Postal Service has released a new series of 32-cent regular (slow) postage which it hopes will have philatelists across the country jumping for joy.

Having released the "Organisms That Cause Diarrhea" series for lack of anything more imaginative or creative, the USPS hopes to catch the attention and interest of biology buffs, clinical parasitologists, amateur pathologists and, for that matter, anyone enchanted by the unpleasant! *—John Scariano*

"Dear Mr. Clipson:"

July 1, 1992

President
Baskin-Robbins
5845 Horton #102
Mission, Ks. 66202

Dear Mr. President,

As a senior citizen who has enjoyed your ice creams for as many years as you have flavors (310), this is the first time I have written to you, but I deem it necessary.

Allow me to explain. Being an old fashioned guy, I only allow myself to see "G" or "PG" rated pictures. I don't go for all of the sex and violence that dirties our screens today. I was very happy to see that a new "PG" baseball picture called "A League Of Their Own" opened today starring Geena Davis, Tom Hanks and that Madonna that my grandkids like so much, so I treated myself to the show. While I was there buying a bucket of popped corn, the theater worker told me I should go to Baskin Robbins afterwards, because you had a new flavor: "A League Of Their Own Big League Chocolate."

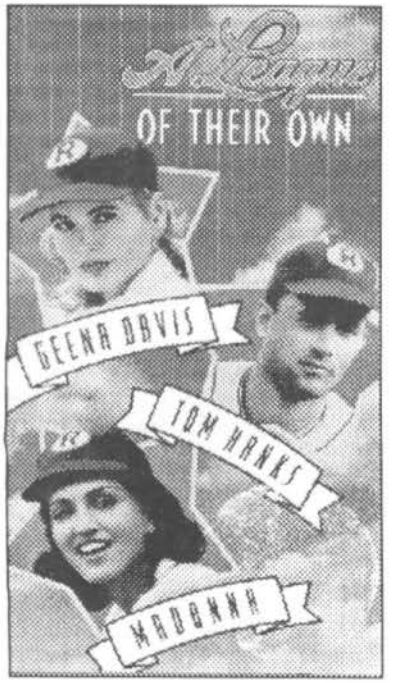
Well, I did, and I must say, I enjoyed it. A home run! Three cheers! Which brings me to my question. I know the ice cream has a dominant chocolate taste to it, but I am very perplexed and disturbed by something I was told by the boy at the theater, so here goes: does it taste like Geena Davis?

I asked your employee who made my cone and she said she didn't know. This scares me, to think that an ice cream flavor was designed to taste like a Hollywood celebrity. I know this may sound like a strange question, but as a long-faithful customer, I must know the truth. Plus, with all these new diseases running around, it's better to be safe than sorry.

Thank you kindly,

Robert Clipson

Robert C. Clipson
4328 N.W. 61st Terr
Oklahoma City, Ok



Baskin Robbins

Baskin-Robbins USA, Co.
Corporate Headquarters
31 Baskin-Robbins Place
Glendale, CA 91201
Phone: (818) 956-0831

July 9, 1992

Mr. Robert C. Clipson
4328 N.W. 61st Terr.
Oklahoma City, OK 73112

Dear Mr. Clipson:

Kathy Bellamy, Baskin-Robbins' manager of consumer affairs, forwarded your letter regarding Baskin-Robbins' "A League of Their Own" movie tie-in promotion to me. As someone who worked closely on that program, it gave me great pleasure to hear that such a loyal Baskin-Robbins customer was excited about the promotion.

However, it was disturbing to hear that a theatre employee made a misleading comment about our promotional flavor "A League of Their Own Big League Chocolate." This flavor consists of milk chocolate ice cream with chunks of milk chocolate throughout it. Baskin-Robbins would never purport to create a flavor that taste, like any human being. Not only would it be an impossible feat, it would be in very poor taste to even make such a claim.

As you know, Baskin-Robbins prides itself on upholding a family image. That is why it is such a delight that a movie like "A League of Their Own" is released and Baskin-Robbins can create a fun, family-oriented promotion.

Thank you for your interest and concern. We hope you can use the enclosed coupon to enjoy a Big League Sundae on us.

Sincerely,

Cheryl Glenn
Assistant Manager,
PR/Promotion

cc: Kathy Bellamy
Terry Havercamp

DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A *REAL* MAN? *WE HOPE NOT!*

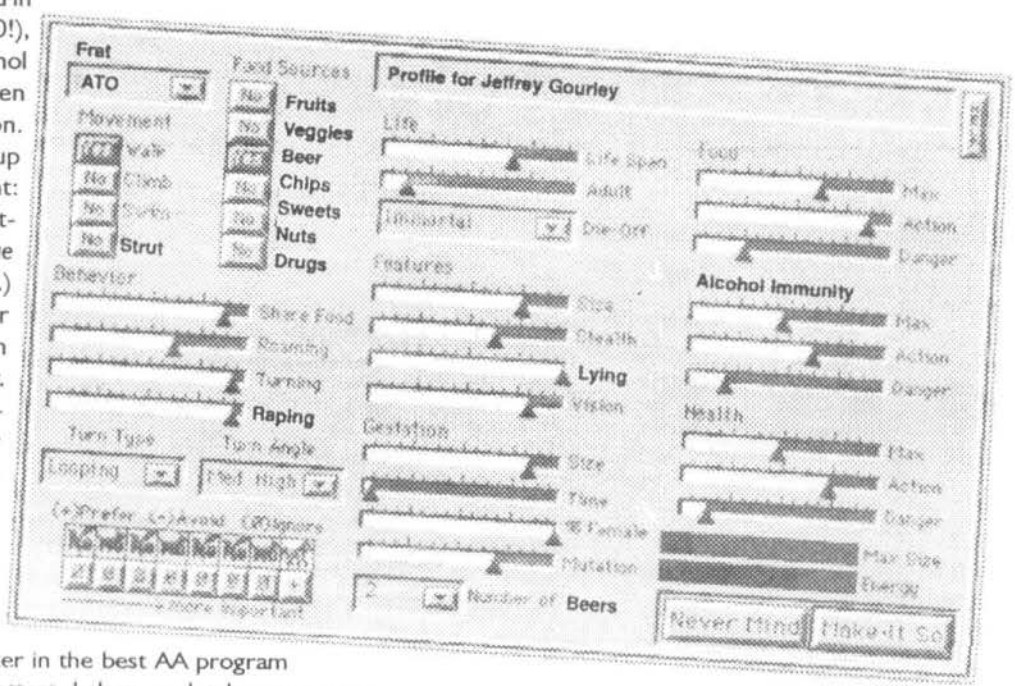
Enter the world where gnarlyness reigns supreme! In *SimFrat*, you start out as a mere pledge and schmooze your way to the top of the frat-boy ladder. Endure hazings such as the spooky "eat the cracker with the stuff on it" or the treacherous "get wrapped up in a sleeping bag and thrown into a tar pit." If you survive that, it's on to Stage II, where you must execute succesful date rapings without getting caught, win at a game of quarters, purchase the most house party T-shirts. If you do, your rating points go up; fail and they go down, thus forcing you to be blacked and live in the dorms with all the freakin' faggots.

SIM FRAT

THE VIRTUAL PLAYGROUND

$59.95 CD-ROM, $49.95 3.5 inch disk
Available now on IBM-Windows, Macintosh, Sega Saturn, Sony Playstation and Nintendo Game Boy.

You take control of one of 10 characters or create your own with *SimFrat*'s frat-boy creator batch file. *SimFrat* allows your character to grow independently, as he is rated in 20 categories (that's right: 20!), including stamina, dexterity, alcohol immunity, night vision and even mid-intoxication babe classification. (If this one is low, you might end up with a fat chick, so here's a hint: Boost your character's M-IBC rating by spending time reading *Vogue* and *Elle* at the campus library.) Your *SimFrat*ster performs or does not perform tasks based on his ratings, so watch them closely. Points are raised by your performance at functions, especially by the number of annoying catch-phrases you coin. Also, you can gain bonus points by being mean to black folks! As your character's eight-year term is up, is the game over? No way! Upon "graduation," enroll your character in the best AA program with the coolest dudes and hottest babes, and take over your father's once-successful business.



The CD-ROM version of *SimFrat* features 256-color graphics and music by such cutting-edge, alternative bands as Zipper, Hunger Trough, The Mitchell Plug and Hootie and the Blowfish! Fast-paced, real-life action and a full 30 minutes of video clips make this the hottest *Sim* on the market!

NEW! FROM

MAXIS

ROUTE 1
N
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S
Get the Hell Outta Here!
The HITCH Guide to Travel
1996
Written with care by
Jamie Munn, Rod Lott,
Brian Lundmark,
Jeff Colbert,
Ryun Patterson,
Cybil Longfellow
and Joe Rogers
A Mind-Boggling 15 Full Pages of Road Trips and Cheesy Jaunts Designed to Help You Get Yourself Some of That Culture
R R

Some Enchanted Forest

By Jamie Munn

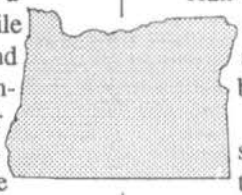
Whether you're an acid-jeans-wearing mama or an acid-tripping Gen-Xer, there's "a treat for the whole family" awaiting visitors to Salem, Oregon's Enchanted Forest.

Located about 40 miles south of Portland on I-5, this town of fairy tales is a must for every child within who remembers that fantasy can be silly...and scary. Very scary, indeed. Opened in 1971, the park was built on a little mountain. Created by some guy named Roger Tofte, the Enchanted Forest is a trip down, and up, storybook lane. There's no megabucks tie-ins with the latest blockbuster film, either; just good, old-fashioned, time-honored tales.

Giddy and giggly is how you'll feel as you saunter into the first castle's tiny dungeon, complete with recorded evil queen and shackled mannequin prisoner. It's the first of many exhibits where a hilarious tape loop of script and goofy music barely drowns out the grinding of mechanical dummies.

Follow a trail snaking below a canopy of ancient trees, allowing shimmering sunlight and whispering leaves to charm you. Humpty Dumpty towers above the rugged, paved path and *faux* bark handrail. Your next stop is a quaint walk-through gingerbread house.

"I just love Hansel and Pretzel!" chirped one ecstatic girl running toward it.



Thus begins your journey, a challenge to dodge kiddies while being amused by their joy and fright. No family here is complete without one sleeping or crying babe in a stroller. Some families sport both. A real life labor of Sisyphus if you haven't seen one.

The first "scary" stop is Alice in Wonderland's tree trunk. It's big, it's mysterious, it's a crawl tunnel. Many a child is coaxed in by trusting adults who unknowingly will have their eardrums pierced by frightened screams when, halfway through the claustrophobic hole, the kid can't see the light at the end of the trunk. Most emerge from the giant keyhole about 15 feet further with a smile or just a single tear.

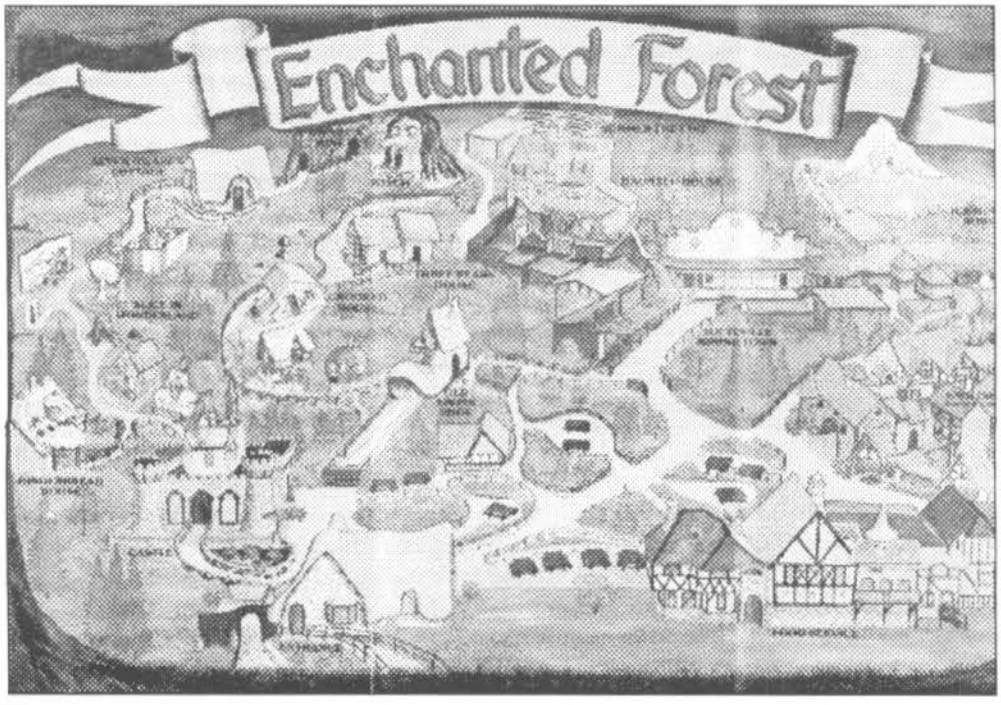
Up and up the mountain you trek to Snow White Land, where kids also fear the dark corners of the Seven (Deadly) Dwarves' mine (read: moody music, fluorescent rivers and black-light "gems"). At probably the coolest exhibit, the Witch's Head, you can walk through the gaping, toothless mouth, all while the witch's shrieks and cackles lure you in.

"Huh-uh, Dad, I'm not going in there, *no way*," one middle-class boy said, despite the make-it-all-better slide exit.

"Hey, Joe, come here," Dad said just beyond the Head. He then picked the unwitting urchin, bodily restraining him with a bear hug, and proceeded to carry him yelling into the mouth – just the first of the *many* parenting tips you can pick up at this place. Yep, it's mental torture disguised as playground fun!

Kids like the Old Lady's Shoe because it's a big-ass slide. Moms like it 'cuz it's free. Sit down and let them play their little pre-deodorant-yet-it-wouldn't-hurt-some-of-'em pants off.

If you live corny, you'll love the hick flavor of the Tofteville Mining Town, what amounts to a kiddie Westworld. But if you're from the midwest, you've probably seen most of this stuff at a county fair or even in someone's backyard. You can play quick-draw shoot-out with a talking cowboy robot. Cool. Yee-haw, ya yella-bellied varmint!



Next stop is the Haunted House, which is genuinely creepy on the outside. I loved the hokey, humorous booing and moaning, but I noticed that one crew-cut ragamuffin was sent in alone by his loving folks and actually looked distressed.

"You want me to walk with you?" I asked as I took his tiny hand, reassuring him that it was almost finished. By the end of the walk, I had become Protector Woman to about six terrified kids. Coming out into the bright light, they ran to their 'rents sitting on a bench who asked,

"So how was it?" In the few seconds it took them to drop my hand and for me to walk away, I processed the complete history of every stranger-danger emotion I've felt as both a child and adult. Hey, I was trusted, and I delivered. Why can't the rest of life be that simple?

Because it leads to bad theater, that's why, as evidenced by the Summer Theatre's outdoor production of *The Emperor's New Clothes*, held right behind the Haunted House. A total of three guys, all of them Medieval Fair rejects, acted out the play, with the lead appearing as a Jim Carrey wanna-be.

Get on over to the toboggan ride, and for a measly $1, you'll have a long wait for a short thrill. "Can't they hurry this thing up? I gotta pee!," however, is not something you want to hear as you scrunch into the tiny roller-coaster cart.

The G-force won't plaster you to the sides, and the nose-studded attendants will gaze at you with glazed-over expressions. But I bet you'll let out a orgasmic "Wheeeeeeeee!" at the end of the ride as you get squirted by the Old Faithfulesque fountain as you round the bend.

Ye Olde English Village is Ye Lame. At least in the Jolly Roger Inn, there is a choreographed fountain show every eight minutes, comparable to Esther Williams meets low-budget Enya. Bonus points for the water looking like Ty-D-Bowl, urine and even blood at certain times.

Extra points for the rainbow finale. Double-whammy points for the kids cheering and clapping when it's finished.

Bring your own food or bring your own defibrillators if you choose to partake in the cornucopia of fried foods offered for the hunger you're going to work up from hiking this joint. I shared a tiny cottage dining area with a beautiful, red-haired woman who looked like St. Pauly's Girl after Meister Brau left her with five children.

A caring mother allows her daughter to enter the world's largest dental dam demonstration.

"Get back here, Amber!" she wailed, wearily.

Parents skirting the food court also will need special diversionary tactics at the souvenir shop. "I took you to church and brought you out here. What more do you want?" one mother asked.

For Chrissakes, splurge the $1.50 for an address book or key chain, okay? At least a postcard or two would be worth your coinage.

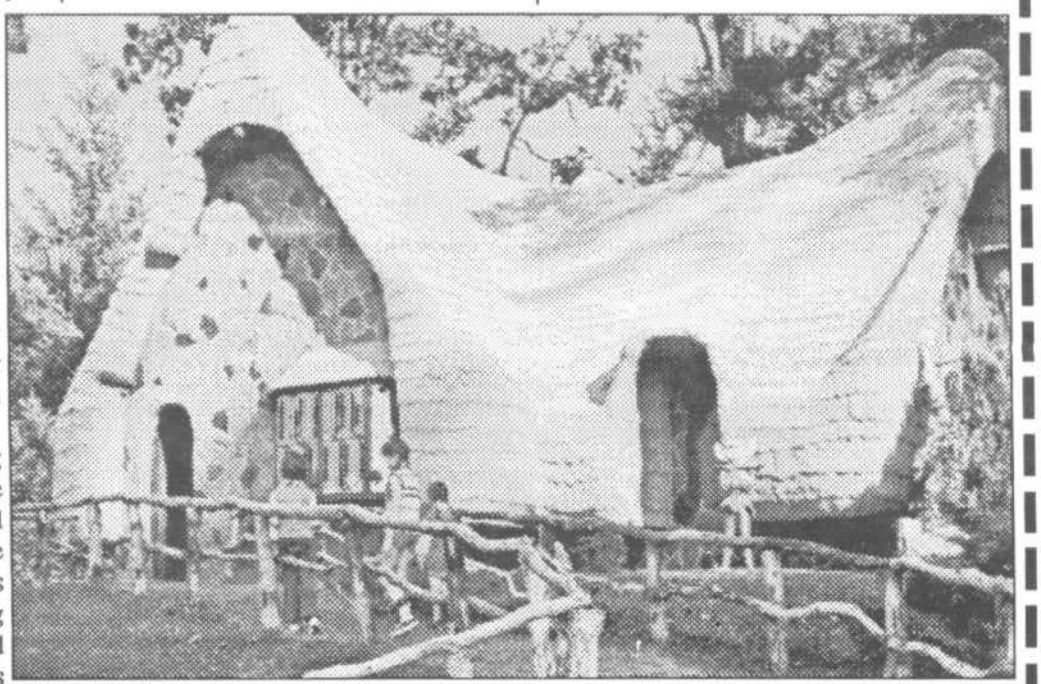
The Enchanted Forest is something to see, if only once. They're working on a log flume ride which might be finished by the time you get there, if you're lucky.

There's no pretension or trademarks; only fun. Take the kids, your sweetie or just yourself, but *go*. If you can't see the enchantment through the trees, you're getting old.

Don't let that happen...at least not yet.

Having recently earned a master's degree in journalism, but no journalism job to speak of, ***Jamie Munn*** *is, in her own words, "fucked."*

H



Let the trauma begin.

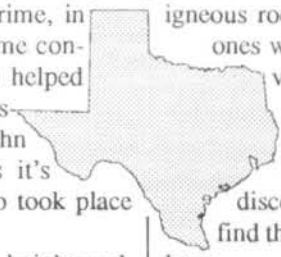
IT'S A HE-MAN ADVENTURE

Locked Inside a Riddle, Trapped Inside an Enigma!

By Rod Lott

"If anyone really wanted to shoot the President of the United States, it would not be a difficult thing. All you would need was to get a high building...and a telescopic rifle."
—President John F. Kennedy, said the morning of his murder

Back in the fall of 1992, as the world spiraled closer and closer to the 29th anniversary of the assassination of President Kennedy in Dallas, Texas, ace investigative reporters Allan Koenig and myself thought it fitting to return to the scene of the crime, in hopes of coming up with some concrete, plausible solutions. It helped that the second annual Ass-assination Symposium on John F. Kennedy — or ASK, as it's affectionately known — also took place the same weekend.



Thus, the comedy was heightened. But, when you're dealing with a conspiracy that supposedly incriminates JFK, RFK, MLK, LBJ, the CIA, the FBI, the KGB, the Nazis, the Cubans, the Mafia, Congress, Marilyn Monroe and — as I suspect — Frank Sinatra, must you *really* dig too deep to find much to make fun of?

This is our report.

Broken Promises and Broken Cookies in Marietta

As we sped toward Dallas to dispel the JFK myth, we unwittingly stumbled upon another giant myth during a brief stop in Marietta, Okla. Legions of Interstate 35 travelers have undoubtedly seen the billboards advertising big bags of broken cookies in this southern Oklahoma town. We finally fell to this temptation after years of curiosity, stopping at the cookie shop. The atmosphere of the factory store can be summed up in the following equation:

Ginger Snaps + Vanilla Cremes = Fun

After deciding on the advertised assorted bag of broken cookies, we took the bag to the front and asked the porcine cashier, who name was most likely Shirley Lou, "Are these good cookies?" She hesitated, then said, "Well, to be honest, there's better ones back there."

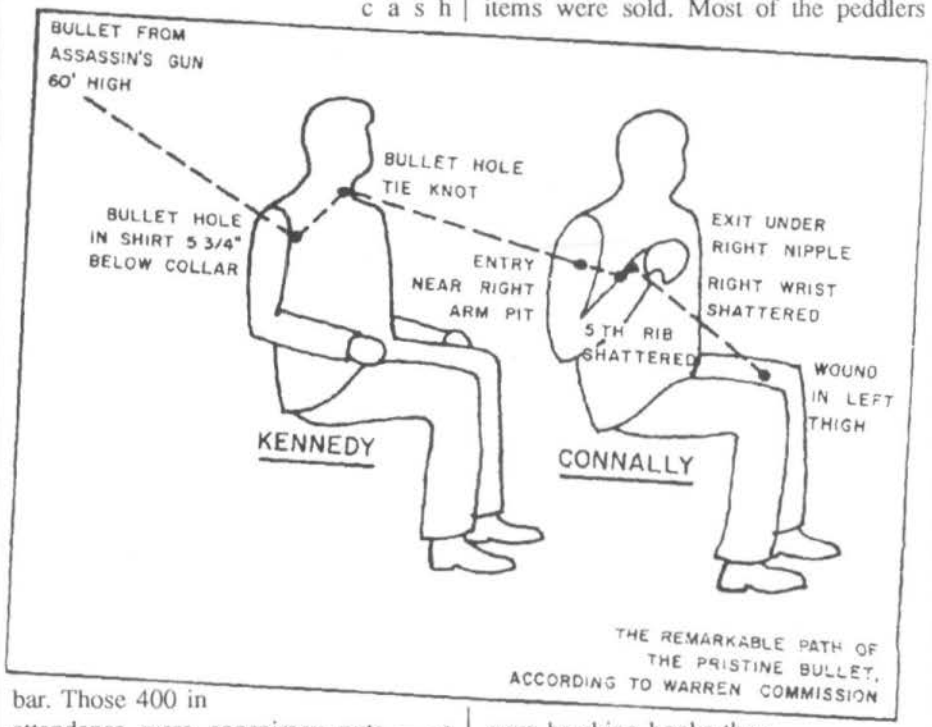
And she was right. The term "cookies" may be a misnomer for what this bag of hardened dough actually was. Many of the cookies failed to adhere to the cute, round shapes to which we are accustomed, instead resembling clubbed feet, igneous rocks and mutated starfish. The ones we thought were chocolate-flavored looked that way because, truth be told, they were burned beyond recognition. Little did we know we would discover that these cookies would find their way into the bigger picture later.

ASK and Ye Shall Receive

Housed in the Hyatt Regency in beautiful downtown Dallas, ASK was a star-studded, four-day event of bizarre workshops, book signings, bus tours and a cash bar. Those 400 in attendance were conspiracy nuts — a bunch of obsessive, no-life nerds on the same lineage as Trekkies. They are just as suspicious and secretive as the subject they have devoted their pathetic existences to study, as confirmed by the following quote from the registration packet: "PLEASE keep my name CONFIDENTIAL (do not list in the Program Book/Registrants' Directory)."

"These are not kooks. These are not fanatics," conventioneer Linda Winiarczyk told a reporter. Yet these non-kooks and non-fanatics were shelling out $20 for tapes of police radio transmissions on the day of the assassination, $40 for JFK money clips and $495 for *authentic* "pristine bullets" (from a "limited supply of 5,000").

Registration for the convention cost a mere $150, which would get you a badge that must be worn at all times to attend any of the ASK events. Lost badges could be replaced for an additional $150. Dirt-cheap and badgeless, we infiltrated the premises of the ASK Mart, where these items were sold. Most of the peddlers were hawking books they authored on their personal JFK theories. A great majority of these publications


BULLET FROM ASSASSIN'S GUN 60' HIGH
BULLET HOLE TIE KNOT
BULLET HOLE IN SHIRT 5 3/4" BELOW COLLAR
ENTRY NEAR RIGHT ARM PIT
EXIT UNDER RIGHT NIPPLE
RIGHT WRIST SHATTERED
5TH RIB SHATTERED
WOUND IN LEFT THIGH
KENNEDY
CONNALLY
THE REMARKABLE PATH OF THE PRISTINE BULLET, ACCORDING TO WARREN COMMISSION

were nothing more than Xeroxed Kinko's packets.

"You signed up for our drawing yet?" one desperate author asked me, to which I replied in the negative. The author then boasted, "Well, you better, if you want a chance to get this book for free!" The title to which he referred was *Gunshot Wounds*, which carried a retail value of $57 (hey, the cost of photocopying is *outrageous* these days).

I spoke with Matt, proud scripter of the tome *JFK: The Second Plot*. When I asked him what exactly the so-called "second plot" was, Matt took off his spectacles to convey a higher sense of seriousness and credibility.

"Think of it as a garment," Matt said in plodding, carefully paused sentences. "You pull a loose thread and the garment falls apart. *Jim Garrison* pulled the thread all he wanted, but *the second conspiracy* prevented the garment from coming all the way unraveled!"

Allan came perilously close to blowing the covert nature of the operation when he went out on a limb and spoke to an ASK proprietor. Wanting to know more about the *Voices* cassette tapes of Clay Shaw and David Ferrie's court testimonies, Allan wandered over to their booth. The pair of vendors instructed, "Take a brochure — that's what they're there for." Allan, trying to look like a seasoned conventioneer, asked the two if they were going to the film that night. Both looked at him as if he'd just told them he was Oswald's former roommate.

"No," one replied, "I didn't know they were planning a film this year."

Sensing that things could take a turn for the worse at any second — and fully expecting some sort of ASK Police to emerge from the curtains — Allan mumbled something about a possible schedule change and left the ASK Mart premises stat.

Set up in the same room stood the ASK Message Board, on which ASKers left one another notes, such as, "A close Kennedy friend was allowed to walk in the procession — do you know who this man is — do you know where he is? Contact ASK Publicist — JoRae" and "Looking for full copy of transcripts of Clay Shaw trial."

We left two bogus messages designed to send the ASKers into salivating furies. One read, "Bob Clipson — I have that authentic magic bullet from Bethesda for you. Call me — Jim (Room 431)." The other read, "Bob H. — Call me about the extra 20 seconds of the Zapruder film. Terry, Room 1121."

I spoke with a collegiate conventioneer from Albany, N.Y., who was leaving a message for a friend. "So what's your interest in all this?" I asked.

"Well...*a lot*, really," the Albanian said.

"And what's your theory?" I pressed.

"Well...*on what part?*" he answered, visibly flustered and annoyed. *"You're going to have to be a little more specific than that!"*

"I don't know," I said. "*Any* part of it."

"I feel there was federal involvement to some level," the Albanian admitted. "I think it was because of Vietnam. I was really impressed with what Maj. Gen. Newman had to say."

Um-kay.

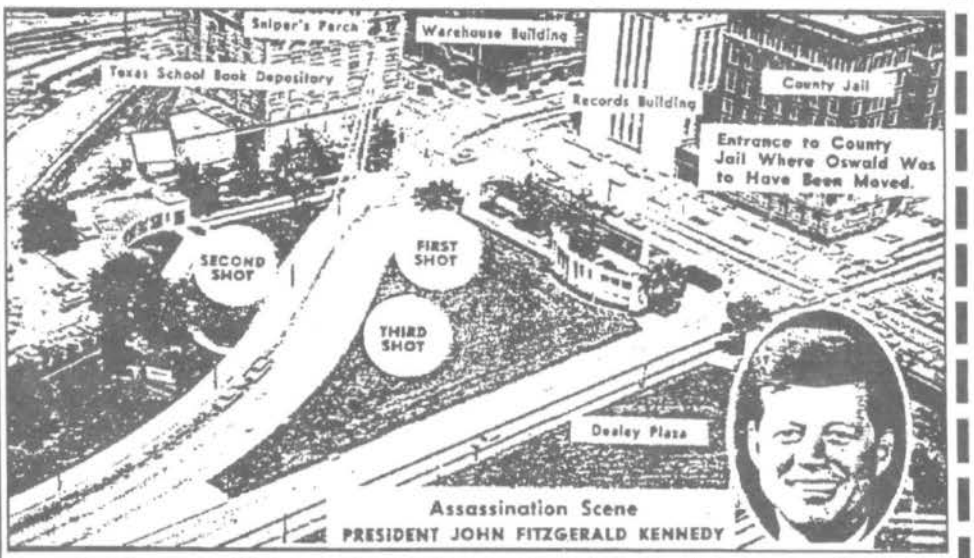
A Look Back (and to the Left) into American History

We toured the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository, which is essentially a bunch of enlarged black-and-white photographs and large-print words on the walls. In the sniper's corner sat a recreation of *exactly* how the boxes were arranged on that fateful day in 1963...and all for only four bucks a head.

As expected, the ASK folk preyed upon the Grassy Knoll like flies on a rotten lamb chop. One know-it-all conducted an informal tour for his pals as he gave an oral elaboration. "Then they drove down here and, well," he said, teary-eyed, "the rest is history, my friend." All three wore buttons bearing Oswald's mug and the proclamation, "I'M JUST A PATSY!"

A poorly spelled scrawling on the Grassy Knoll's wooden fence read, "KENEDY WAS SHOT HERE." But what shocked us about the Knoll was something to which the other tourists seemed oblivious. Perched atop the Knoll sat — swear to God — *a bag of broken cookies*. We didn't even realize it until after we had developed our pictures.

We're not experts, nor do we claim to be (after all, we failed to attend the Tippit workshop and panel discussion on "Strange & Convenient Deaths"), but we strongly feel that the bag of broken cookies is *the* key to unlocking all the mysteries surrounding President Kennedy's untimely and tragic death that have confounded the good American people for decades.



Broken cookies are mysteriously absent from this schematic.

The evidence is all there. Only the questions remain: Who? What? Why? And, most importantly, is Robert Stack willing to go all the way to Marietta to get the real story?

***Rod Lott** dedicates this report to the memory of Jim "I'm a Liar Who'll Do Anything for a Buck" Garrison.*

H

Next Freak of Nature, 5 Miles

By Brian Lundmark

If this was *National Geographic*, I could write about my cross-country trip using beautiful (and slightly sexual) phrases like "towering above nearby Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak thrusts its mighty mass more than 14,000 feet into the deep blue Rocky Mountain air," toss in a few spectacular pictures that I'd taken while strapped to the side of a mountain goat and, in mere moments, have you awestruck with how boring and uneventful *your* life is compared to *mine*.

And I *did* go, by the way, but since I have neither the writing chops nor the photographic skills to capture such majesty, and since *National Geographic* has already done stories on such places (not to mention that this is just **HITCH**), there's really no reason for me to do another one.

No, my journalistic capabilities only lend me to smaller attractions. Seamy backwater sites that Robert Kincaid wouldn't *want* to find lonely housewives around. You want fruited plains and purple mountains majesty? Fine! Just stay outta my car, Mr. Alda, 'cause where I went, there were only mummies and mutants to satisfy my Barnumesque cravings. Remember, there's a sucker born every minute, and as soon as he turns 16, he hits the road.

The only reason I was on the road to begin with is that fellow adventurer Brian Tucker had made the decision to tow all of his worldly possessions across the Rockies in a one-ton U-Haul trailer behind a severely underpowered Toyota 4-Runner to go to grad school at Washington State. For those of you thinking of doing the same, some words of advice:

1. Screw grad school. Stop avoiding reality and *get a job*.

2. Think you can't live without that couch? When you're driving 35 mph up the Continental Divide in Montana at 1 a.m. and losing speed, you might think differently.

3. For that matter, most of the stuff you own is crap. Admit it. If it doesn't fit in the car, you didn't really need it, anyway.

And finally, don't make the one, crucial, important, very stupid decision that Mr. Tucker made: 4. Don't let your psycho, irresponsible co-pilot, whose belongings are safely at home no matter what happens to you, plan your trip.

TOURIST TRAP #1: THE GARDEN OF EDEN

A mere 25 miles northeast of Russell, Kan., home of future presidential candidate Bob Dole, sits a monument to exactly what vast, empty plains can do to a man. In the otherwise normal town of Lucas, S.P. Dinsmoor – craftsman, stonecutter, raving lunatic – spent his life turning his home into a grotesque oddity that probably still gives the local children nightmares.

Dinsmoor, in addition to building his own house completely of limestone that he cut, erected a dozen concrete trees with various concrete people hanging off of them. They depict anything from Biblical stories to bizarre political views. And although you can see almost everything from the street, Tucker and I decided that our adventure would not be complete unless we spent four hard-earned dollars on the guided tour.

Our tour guide, Alyssa, a maybe-16-year-old girl with perhaps the only minimum wage job in Lucas, offered to start our tour earlier than the posted time since we were the only tourists there. Alyssa delivered her pre-written tour speech with all the intensity of...well, of a 16-year-old minimum wager from Lucas, Kan. You could almost see her spooling up each time we entered a new room of the house.

"Innnnn this room, Mr. Dinsmoor..."

And what did Mr. Dinsmoor do? Apparently, a lot of drinking. All of the woodworking inside Dinsmoor's house was done by his own hand, and while some of the later items were very good, the earlier stuff...well, let's just say S.P. probably owned an axe.

"You'll notice over here," Alyssa said robotically, "that none of these door frames are the same size. That's because Mr. Dinsmoor wanted everything to be different." He certainly succeeded there.

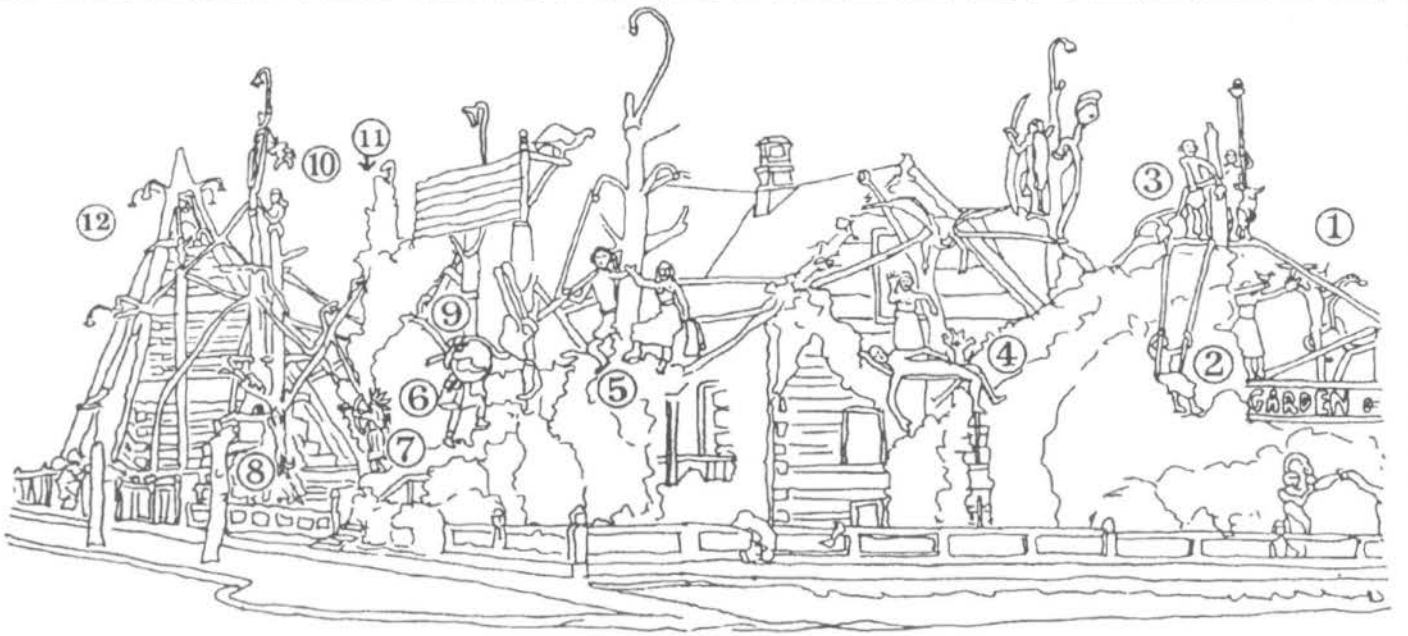
The tour continued outside.

"Mr. Dinsmoor built his house out of limestone that he cut from a nearby quarry and carried back using that wagon," Alyssa said, pointing mechanically across the yard. The house was indeed impressive, and she told us that Dinsmoor had lifted all of the limestone into place single-handedly.

"This was no easy task," she recited, "as each of the these *limestone* slabs weigh a hundred pounds per foot!"

At this point, Tucker, an engineer, interrupted. "Is that per cubic foot?"

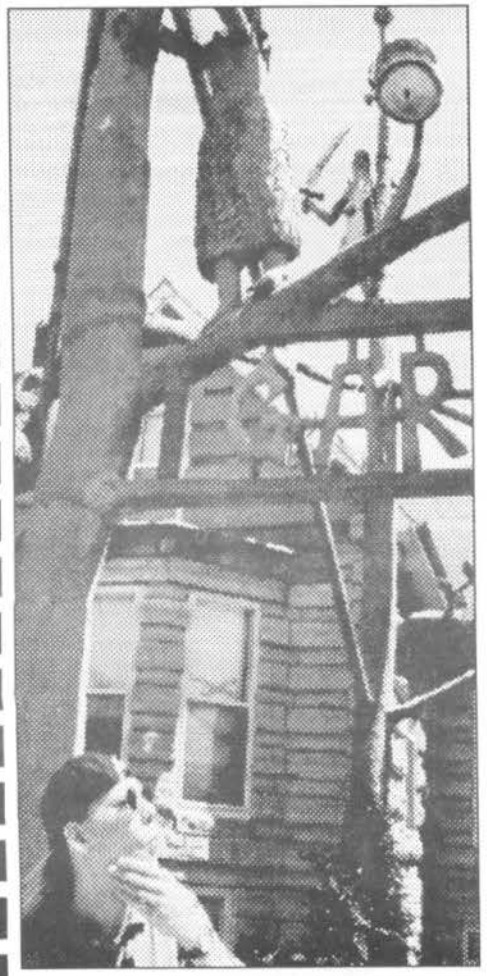
World's largest concrete slab disguised as prairie dog (and swindled citizen).



S.P. Dinsmoor's Garden of Eden and Cabin Home, Lucas, Kansas *Drawing by Ann Kuckelman Cobb, after O.D. Hoopes*

SELF-GUIDED SCULPTURE TOUR

Thank you for visiting S.P. Dinsmoor's Garden of Eden and Cabin Home. Your admission fees and contributions help support preservation of this National Register of Historic Places site.



This tour of the Garden of Eden begins on the south side of the Garden, at the entrance to the arbor. As you walk around the outside of the fence, use the numbers on the drawing as a key to Dinsmoor's descriptions (below).

Quotes are from Dinsmoor's Pictorial History of The Cabin Home in Garden of Eden, *available in the Gift Shop.*

1. "The Devil was in the Garden of Eden . . . in the background. . . . He has his fork poised on a little kid. . . . my God would throw up his hand and save the kid."

2. "Later on, the four kids are on this tree. Moses never said a word about these girls, but . . . you know and I know . . . girls are always hanging around the boys, so I put them up, one in a swing and the other catching a bird."

3. "Moses says 'Cain was a tiller of the soil'. . . . He is offering (the Lord) a pumpkin . . . but he is trying to hide a hole in the pumpkin with his foot. Abel was a shepherd . . . and is holding up his offering, a dandy little buck Merino."

4. "Here are Abel's wife and shepherd dog, just discovered him dead. Cain was a tiller of the soil. I just imagine he got Abel out in the 'tater patch and brained him with his hoe—laid him on this platform. The Angel is coming down after him. That is the way they used to bury the dead. Nowadays, we tote them off to the bone yard."

5. "Cain and his wife are scared. They are looking back and hiking for the Land of Nod. Do you know what the mark of Cain was? The Bible don't tell. The redemption of man is the crucifixion, so I imagined the mark of Cain must be a little red cross placed in his forehead; typical of the future crucifixion that was to come."

6. "Here is the soldier with his gun shooting at the Indian on the next tree."

7. "Here is the Indian with his bow and arrow shooting at the dog on the next tree."

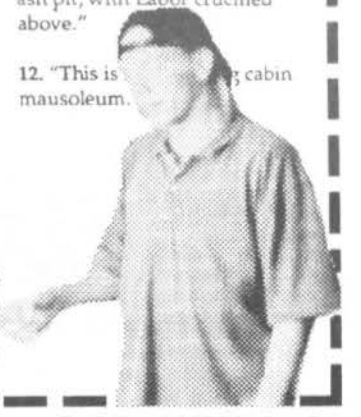
8. "The dog is after the fox, fox after the bird, bird has its mouth open after a little worm eating a leaf. This shows how one animal is after another down to the leaf."

9. "And here is the girl after the soldier. . . . But she does not know that the trust has got her around the waist with one claw. . . . The trusts stand on chartered rights. That flag protects capital today better than it does humanity."

10. "Here is the next tree bringing down civilization as I think it should be. There is the Goddess of Liberty with one foot on the trusts and a spear in her hand going through the head of the trusts. Down below is a man and woman with a crosscut saw marked ballot, sawing off the chartered rights limb that the trust stands on."

11. "This is my coal house and ash pit, with Labor crucified above."

12. "This is [illegible] cabin mausoleum.



Alyssa, stunned momentarily by a question for which she had no prepared answer, could only stammer, "Uh... uh...uh..."

Presumably, she was rebooting.

Alyssa recovered in time to show us the highlight of the guided tour, Dinsmoor's self-described "stone log cabin mausoleum." In an odd sort of way, you have to admire a man who builds his own burial vault, and this one's a doozy. Four concrete columns make up the skeleton of this 40-foot high pyramid, with three stacked limestone cubes comprising the body. It's only fitting that a man this scary should be buried in something this frightening.

As Alyssa led us inside the door to the mausoleum, she told us of Dinsmoor's first wife. When she died, Dinsmoor wanted to bury her in his mausoleum, but the town of Lucas refused, saying that dead folk belonged in the cemetery. Well, S.P. was a few limestone slabs shy of a wagonful, and six days after her burial, he dug up his wife, moved her body back to his tomb and encased her in concrete! By the time the sane residents of Lucas had figured out what had happened, the concrete had set and it was too late to do anything about it.

By now, I thought I'd seen it all: A lonely flake on the barren plains of Kansas builds his monument to oddity and then entombs his wife on the premises. What more could you ask for? Then, as if on cue, the Alyssa unit continued.

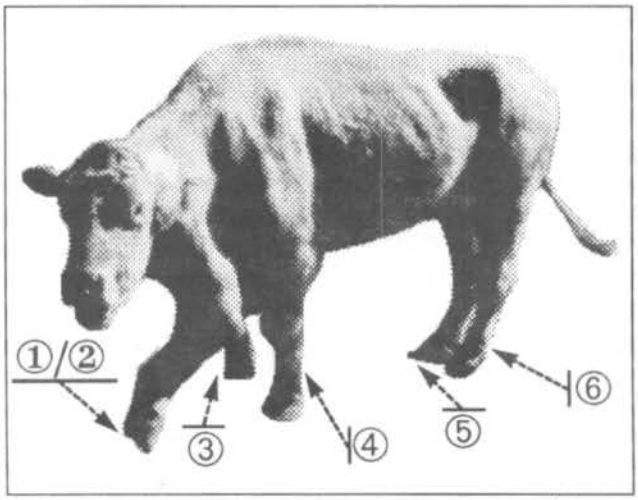
"And before he died, Mr. Dinsmoor requested that he be entombed here with his wife..." Alyssa reached down, whipped out an Eveready flashlight and pointed it at a glass window inside the mausoleum. "And here he is!" she exclaimed.

And there he was! Sealed inside a concrete coffin, complete with a window so you could see his moldy, flaky face, was S.P. Dinsmoor. I don't remember exactly if my first reaction was shock or an almost insane urge to break into hysterics, but I *do* remember what my second reaction was.

"Oh, *wow*! I gotta get a picture!"

Alyssa stepped in. "I'm sorry. The family of Mr. Dinsmoor has requested that we not allow picture-taking in the mausoleum."

Now I *was* in shock. I mean, what the hell? When did his family get this sudden flood of ethics? "Oh, it's okay to make fun of dad because he's a crackpot, *and* because he built a 30-foot tall, all-seeing, concrete eye of God in the front yard, *and* because of his screwball political views, but we're drawing the line at someone taking a picture of him in his self-designed, glass-topped coffin. That's just not right."



In any case, the mausoleum was the last part of the guided tour. With the handy map Alyssa gave us, we were able to walk around the house for another 30 minutes, taking in Mr. Dinsmoor's peculiar sense of style. Tucker pointed out that the mausoleum door was unguarded, and if I really wanted a picture...

I refused that temptation, out of fear of the dead. Yes, not respect, but *fear*. Who knows? What if Dinsmoor has a curse? What could I end up doing to *my* house? What if...hey, y'know, I *have* always had this thing about Play-Doh...

TOURIST TRAP #2: PRAIRIE DOG TOWN

The reason we stopped at the Garden of Eden in the first place was that I, as trip coordinator, was determined to stop at anything that even remotely looked like a tourist trap. That being said, how could we pass up Prairie Dog Town?

For miles on either side of Oakley, Kan., signs along I-70 proclaim, "See the Largest Prairie Dog in the World!" And although cheesy, for four bucks, the Garden of Eden was *very* entertaining. Prairie Dog Town – our second roadside attraction of the day! How could we lose? Answer: *Big*.

For starters, the Garden of Eden is miles off the freeway. You actually have to know how to read to find it. Not so with Prairie Dog Town, which is just yards off the freeway, immediately next to three gas stations, a BBQ restaurant and an ice cream shack that not only looked like a giant fiberglass cone, but also has fiberglass people sitting at a table outside to give weak-minded tourists the impression that they're always busy.

And while Eden had a century-old limestone house as its centerpiece, PDT's office looked as if it had just had the wheels removed that morning.

Stepping into this house of horrors, it was instantly apparent how low-class we were sinking. The T-shirts hanging on the wall had redneck jokes so lame they made Jeff Foxworthy look like a literary genius. And fully two-thirds of this now-immobile double-wide were crammed with the finest plastic and rubber toys Singapore has to offer. My instincts told me to turn back, but both Tucker and I had agreed beforehand that the only thing stupider than going in, was *not* going in.

Me: "I stopped at Prairie Dog Town."

You: "Really? How was it?"

Me: "Oh, I didn't go in! It would've cost $4.75!!"

You: "Why are you wasting my time with this story? I could be watching *Central Park West* !"

So it was decided. We cut in front of a tracheotomy patient (complete with a patch over the hole in his neck), his wife and his three hyperactive kids, eager to burn our cash to see the world's largest prairie dog.

And, oh, what a glorious place it was! The back door of the building opens up onto an acre of fenced-in dirt. There are prairie dogs, all right. In fact, you're in constant danger of twisting your ankle by tripping in one of their damn holes. And the other exhibits? It would have saved me a lot of time if the owners had just stamped my forehead with a big "Sucker!"

Calling this place a "zoo" is like

telling a Mac user that "Windows *is* a good operating system." The bird collection of Prairie Dog Town consisted of 10 squalid cages with different-colored pigeons and a couple of ducks snapping at everyone's ankles. The further I got into the yard, the more I was convinced that I would have gotten more mileage out of my five-spot if I'd ripped it into strips and made spitwads.

Suddenly, after fighting our way through the uncaged baby goats, it stood right in front of us: *the world's largest prairie dog*. Or rather, a 20-foot tall lump of concrete strategically painted to give it, in an almost imperceptible sort of way, the vague appearance of a prairie dog. Immediately behind it stood a 25-foot tall fence obstructing it from the freeway, presumably so conservative dads of the world can't see it and tell their kids, "No *way* are we stopping now!"

Furthermore, PDT not only sports the world's largest concrete rip-off, but also contains a real-life, walking, breathing, eating, *six-legged steer*. As if it weren't disgusting enough to see depressed animals living in their own feces, now we were faced with a full-grown bovine with an extra pair of legs fused together and growing out of his neck! Still, at least this was something that was true as advertised.

By now, both Tucker and I were depressed (we managed to stay out of our own feces, however), and were ready to get the hell out of Prairie Dog Town. I had just knelt down to get a look at a wolverine in his cramped cage when it happened.

I had noticed Tracheotomy Man behind me, but hadn't thought anything of it. (For those of you who were surprised to see him mentioned again, you shouldn't have been; anyone who's not important to a story usually gets left out. Roger Ebert calls it the Law of Economy of Characters. That's your lesson for today.) I did notice, however, a mechanical voice. At first, I thought he had a talking camcorder, but when I came out of my haze, I realized it was Tracheotomy Man himself talking, and he was talking to *me*. Tucker had caught what he said and was obviously trying his best not to laugh, but I had missed it.

"What?" I asked, as Tucker convulsed a few feet away.

Tracheotomy Man put the small box up to his neck and said, in his best Gorf ("Too bad, space cah-det") voice, "I said, for the price we paid to get in here, they should have given us a stick to put up our ass!"

I stood there in shock. I swear Tucker was about to burst into tears.

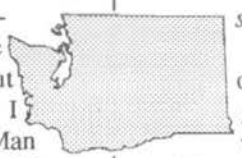
Gorf continued: "Well, it was worth the price just to get out of the car with those damn kids."

"Uh, yeah," I said. I think. I kinda blacked out. Whatever happened to "Hi!" or "How ya' doin'?" Since when did talk of anal intrusion become a popular greeting?

We were out of there in a damn hurry.

TOURIST TRAP #3: YE OLDE CURIOSITY SHOPPE

Calling this a "trap" is a little misleading. Unlike the Garden of Eden or Prairie Dog Town, Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe in Seattle, Wash. is an actual store, so admission is free. However, since it is in the popular waterfront district of town, it is packed with the most annoying item to any tourist: namely, other tourists. But if you can make it in the door, you can not only see, but *purchase*, such items as a sheath from the penis of a sperm whale (girls, bring your beaus and put them in their place), a merman and his merfamily and, perhaps best of all, *shrunken heads*.



Oh, you can buy your very own shrunken head made of goat's skin for about $20, but what would be the point? You'd know it wasn't real, and just the knowledge that real ones exist would drive you to...well, let's not think about that, okay? Sitting on a shelf in the back of the store (where else?), these little beauties from the hills of Ecuador make wonderful conversation starters ("Wanna see my...*shrunken heads?*" *"AAAHHHHH!!!"*).

If shrunken heads aren't your thing, how about a *dwarf mummy*? It's even curled up in the fetal position so it'll save space on the shelf.

Yes, this former cliff-dwelling Indian would be the perfect addition to any den or rumpus room. Plus, it's edutainment for the kids!

If neither of this suits your fancy, they've even got *two* – count 'em – *two, full-sized dead guys* – a pair of mummies behind glass just for your viewing pleasure. You can take your pick: You can have the one who got shot in the desert and was preserved by the elements or you can have the one who just plain died in the desert and was preserved by the elements.

(For the record, the one who got shot is named Sylvester.)

Decisions, decisions...

And I'll bet you've always wondered why grunge started in Seattle.

In any case, Mr. Tucker made it to WSU, and I made it home without any more greetings that made reference to my rectum.

I highly recommend making a detour off I-70 to see S.P. Dinsmoor's Garden of Eden, and next time you're in Seattle, drop by the Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe and say "hi" to Sylvester for me.

As for Prairie Dog Town, if you, like me, have a morbid hankering to see a good, old-fashioned mutant, by all means donate your $4.75 to the cause.

Just remember these six words of advice:

Be sure to cover your ass.

***Brian Lundmark** recently finagled his way into filming an OU football game for ESPN and having them pay him for it, too.*

H

Good to the Last Saudi

By Jeff Colbert

To answer your initial question, KSA stands for the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, where I recently visited as a coffee-bar consultant. The embarkation of which has much history. To begin, we have to go to the end. "What end?," you ask.

My wit's end, to be sure.

We now proceed.

From Houston, I flew to Amsterdam, via Royal Dutch Airways, in the tourist class section on some huge-ass plane the captain said was a "big blah, blah, blah...with innumerable power and...blah, blah, blah." (I have the distinct feeling "tourist" means "loser" in Dutch, but I'm not sure.)

Once boarded, my fellow passengers and I were packed in like maggots. How this plane actually negotiated flight is beyond me. I had the great fortune of sitting with a Greek on my right, a Texan on his right and a Scandinavian on my left. The good Greek and I waxed philosophical the entirety of the eight-hour flight. Milto (the good Greek) is an international lawyer who, to have him tell it, kicks some legal ass worldwide.

A gifted story-teller, he carefully crafted many an insightful, interesting, and oft times hair-raising tales, about his life, the history of the world, Greek mythology, and countless other noteworthy morsels.

The Texan on the other hand, was, well, a Texan.

"Bring any ham san'wiches?" asked Texan Bill, putting no "d" in "sandwich." "'Cuz ya cain't git 'em in the shithole....Lord, do I miss a good ham san'wich."

(As most know, all pork products are strictly banned for religious reasons in Saudi.)

"How 'bout Spam?" I asked.

"Don't rightly know," said Bill, "Got any ham in it?"

"Don't rightly know," said I.

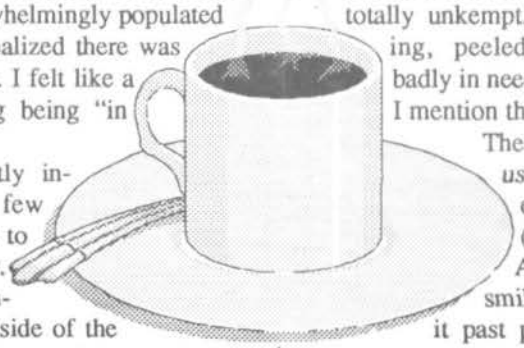
Although not wholly insightful, Bill did have some decent advice to give. I cannot, however, remember what it was, at the time it seemed decent.

The Scandinavian was comatose in a liquored stupor before lift-off.

With only a six hour layover, in "de Nedderlands" as the Dutch so affectionately refer to her, I had not the opportunity to observe the regional customs, at least not the most liberal ones. Amsterdam is beautiful, that is, if it bares any resemblance to its implied beauty from the postcards in the airport gift shop, which I trust it does. Although the airport did have a few unique food kiosks, one of which offered cold, uncooked Norwegian salmon topped with a cheese unpronounceable. I don't know what it was called, but it sho' was tasty. Boarding time arrived, and I had to pee something awful.

Now I've been in some scary, truck-stop-type lavatories, but Euro-urinals have an appeal all their own. They're merely holes in the ground with no doors, both to be used for No. 1 and No. 2.

This was my first true taste of things to come. Upon boarding, I noticed the plane was overwhelmingly populated with Arabs. I realized there was no turning back. I felt like a soldier dreading being "in country."



I subsequently indulged in a few adult beverages to lessen the blow. Roughly a hundred miles this side of the Saudi air border, and long after I'd sobered up, all alcohol had to be removed, much to the chagrin of my fellow Americans, all of whom were, at this point, nice and liquored.

Apprehension set in. A Brit named Paul leaned up close from behind (with "eau de liqueur" his mouth-rinse of choice) and said, "Hey, mate, have a ciggy," accent thick as honey. "It could be your last." He then related his version of the injustices bestowed upon travelers by the customs agents. Paul added that "if God were to give the world an enema, this is where he'd stick it in."

That Paul had a way with words. And some good British ciggies.

The KSA airport is a relic of a subway station-looking structure. There are no "docks," just "officials" (of what remains a mystery) who stop the plane right at the end of the fucking runway and attach a flight of stairs to the plane. The armed-to-the-hilt-with larger-than-life-AK-47s goons lead you hostage-style to the main "terminal." Visions of *Midnight Express* danced in my head.

Once inside, they lined us up refugee fashion to be checked. This "airport" has to be the most indiscriminately miserable place I'd ever set eyes on; tattered, torn and totally unkempt. No air conditioning, peeled plaster ceilings, badly in need of a paint job. Did I mention the stench?

The mongrels checking us through had apparently never heard of (or there is no Arabic word for) "a smile." Once we made it past passport inspection, we moved on to yet another atrocity, which was referred to as "luggage pillage."

As the voice on the loudspeaker *should* say, "This is the delightful part of your journey where we, the great folk of this great land, whose asses you saved in the Gulf War, are going to sift through your belongings, riffle through briefs, question anything pornographic and detain you for it."

I was not detained.

However, my own personal crotch-sniffer introduced me to a host of indignities. He identified my boxers as "panties," smiling wryly as he handed them back. I had a coffee magazine with me that had an ad with a cleavage-showing woman in it, and I suppose they wanted to demonstrate just how serious about this shit they are.

Point taken.

I believe the actions of the "officials" could qualify as humanitarian rights violations under the U.N. war crimes tribunal; I'll phone them up and get back to you.

In a moment of kindness, Fahad (left) decides against cutting off Jeff's head, even though the sarcastic American boy dares to make fun of the Saudi people right in front of his face.

My first few days, I had a world-class case of jet lag, or "jet legs," as my host Fahad referred to it. After feeling refreshed, Fahad and I spent the next couple of days scoping out locations. His friend Zade came along. Zade and his family spent the night at Fahad's, and we played cards 'til dawn.

We awoke early, and partook of a traditional Arabian breakfast. We sat around a square carpet that was loaded with fruit, breads, cheeses, olives, dates, figs, some slimy stuff that was good, eggs, jellies, camel snout soup and a host of other stuff.

Over the course of the meal we talked politics, religion, the world, customs, cultures and, of course, the O.J. Simpson trial. Zade and Fahad agreed that if the same crime had taken place here, Mr. Simpson would be pushing up daises minus his head, two weeks after it was committed.

During the course of our conversation one day with Hammed Zamil, the director of the Chamber of Commerce of the eastern province, a banshee began wailing something incomprehensible over a PA, which turned out to be the announcement of prayer time. Five times a day, the entire nation shuts down for prayer time. Every single store and office is closed. Every large building is equipped with a prayer facility, and if you are somewhere about town, there are mosques on what seems like every corner.

Men and women have separate facilities. When ordering anything in public, there are separate lines, rooms, and sections for men, women and families.

Everything is separated. It's very pre-civil rightish.

And quite lame.

Anyway, I decided I should observe a prayer, so I asked Hammed if I could tag along, at which point he expressed his delight. Taking it a step further, he invited me to participate, but I declined.

Basically, you thoroughly cleanse your body; rinse your mouth, nose and all other orifices I'll leave up to your imagination; and go into to a room where everyone faces west and recites prayers.

Once finished, Hammed explained he believes one of the reasons there is so little crime and immoral behavior here relates directly to the dedication of prayer of the populace (the fact that one can be rendered headless for the possession of marijuana is by no means a small contributor itself, I'm sure).

You cannot speak to women publicly, and women are not permitted to drive, nor hold down a job. Yep, in Saudi, the almighty jimmy reigns supreme. Women dress in "habais," which are black cloaks that cover them from head to toe. All parts of the body are completely covered, except for the eyes.

It is a near impossibility to mingle with the other persuasion. It's becoming more and more clear why arranged marriages are crucial. Kissing cousins is commonplace and, in fact, encouraged.

If the above was not in and of itself odd, another idiosyncrasy is the utter closeness of the men. It tends to put one ill at ease when men touch as often as these fellows do. I do not mean the traditional kissy-kissy-hug greeting type of thing; I mean holding hands for an extremely long, anxiety-filled time. Then they go about rubbing on one another.

It's the kinda stuff that makes you queasy, that could easily be filed under the "things you just don't do" category. Rumor has it homosexuality runs rampant, not unlike the plague. I really believe there is an unwritten law about a man's freedom of choice of gender. After all, men wear dresses here.

Sure, they call them "thopes," but call them what you like; an apple's an apple, an orange an orange, a dress is a dress. It gives me "the shivers."

Jhun (pronounced "June") is one of Fahad's servants. Our early-morning conversations frequently sounded something like this:

Jhun: Sird... (his way of pronouncing "sir")

Me: Yes, Jhun?

Jhun: Coffee, sird?

Me: Jhun, my name is Jeff. Please call me Jeff.

Jhun: Yes sird!

Me: Jhun!

Jhun: Yes sird!

Me: What is my name?

Jhun: Jeff, sird!

Me: Just Jeff, Jhun, just Jeff.

Jhun: Okay, sird.

There are no Nobel Prizes in Jhun's future, but he has a charm unsurpassed. He knows we are opening coffee shops, and that he'll be "working" in one.

He, and all the other migrant workers/borderline slaves, are like robots. They will work round the clock donning a smile.

One day, we unloaded the espresso cart (I should say *they* unloaded it, because Fahad and I did scarcely more than supervise), and Jhun and the others marveled at this sophisticated piece of technology. That day, I told Jhun a smidgen about coffee's origins, and a little bit of the history behind the coffee business, and he was happier than a chicken in high oats, whatever that means.

It is going to be some privilege for him to work inside a store where you get to shower and dress nice regularly. To him, it is an honor.

That very same night, right before bed, he came out of his room and said, "Sird, every night before I am go to sleep, I pray for sird Jeff's coffee."

This nearly killed me. Honestly, I welled up like the time we all did when we all thought that E.T. really died. I swear I nearly shed one.

One day, Jhun needed to pick up some bird seed from the store, and Fahad and I were trying to convey this message to Jhun. Fahad's broken English is mostly comprehensible as long as it doesn't involve a lot of R's; mine I consider pretty polished.

However, the end result was something to the effect of:

Fahad: Jhun!

Jhun: Yes, sird!

Fahad: We need a bird food, uh, bird seed.

Jhun: Bird for food, sird?

Me: No, Jhun, food for the bird!

Jhun: Okay, sird! Food-for-the-bird.

Fahad and Me both at the same time: Jhun! Bird food!

To illustrate, we flapped our arms hysterically, pecked at the ground and made bird noises that could not be qualified as calls, chirps or cheeps.

Jhun: Okay, sird! Bird food!

When we returned later, Jhun subsequently arrived with a sack, which the three of us thereupon peered inside, revealing a beautiful array of the best looking set of quail breasts I ever dare cast my eyes upon.

Bird-for-the-food. Timeless.

One day, Jhun ate a spider. And I'm not kidding.

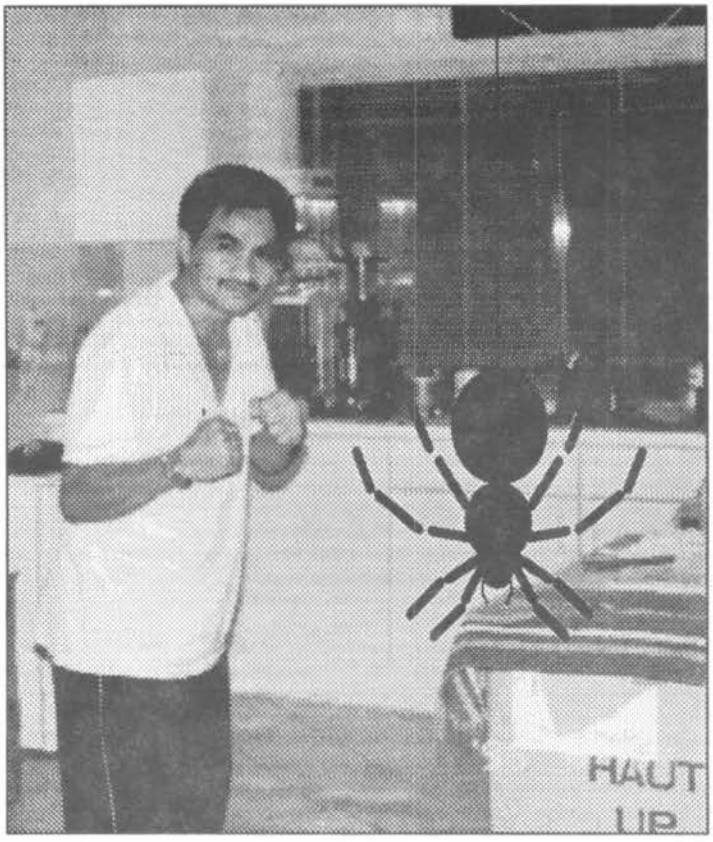
Significant problems arise when factoring this language barrier into the equation. Here's the skinny: The majority of the migrant workers are Indian and Filipino. None of the Philippines speak Indian or Arabic, Arabics don't speak Indian or Filipino (nor would they), and Indians don't speak Arabic or Filipino or their native tongue very well.

So what's the common language? English, or rather the shittiest version of broken English ever. I don't think any of them could speak suckier English if they tried.

Jhun, who has only learned to speak English a short time ago, takes messages for Fahad, who has many friends/associates who go by the names of Seid, Sahood, Sahd and Zade. This makes for a myriad of possibilities.

Fahad asks Jhun who called, and Jhun invariably chokes out a combination of all four of the above names, which, understandably, frustrates the hell out of Fahad.

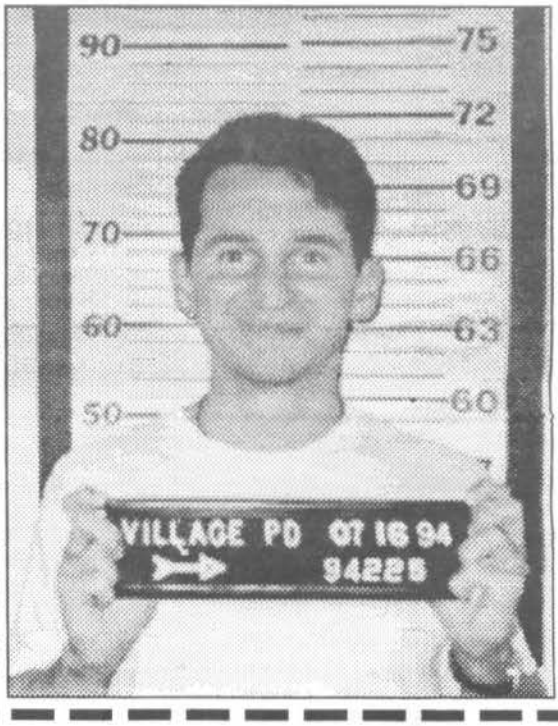
It is a scary thought knowing that these types of exchanges take place at every level of society.



Preparing to do battle with an arachnid which he will most likely end up eating, Jhun – the man who prays for coffee – raises his mighty fists.

As you can no doubt tell from his expression in the photo below, Jeff Colbert is a weird man.

H



Fromage, n'est ce pas?

HITCH's Handy-Dandy Guide to Speaking French Just Like Those French People

By Ryun Patterson

So you want to study French? Well, it's a complicated language full of pluperfects, comparatives and other English words.

But don't fret; a few simple lessons are all that's required for your speech to be near-perfect in your Gaelic journeys for years to come.

The Origins of French

Although unknown to the majority of people, **HITCH** has uncovered the true origins of the so-called "language of love."

Ages before England sent its criminals to the colony known as Botany Bay (later Australia), a similar forced migration took place near the beginning of the Dark Ages.

Criminals were not the export on this occasion, however. Rather, the king of England at the time realized that the major problems with England were caused not by war, famine or pestilence, but by stupid people screwing things up all the time.

This realized, the king rounded up all these drooling idiots by holding an idiot party on a big boat, the main attraction being free, day-old, mutilated loaves of bread to all idiots attending (The origin of the croissant? Nobody knows.).

They then sent these nincompoops to a useless piece of land adjacent to England, and as they lived and prospered on the leftovers of their going-away feast, their meaningless idiot-speak slowly evolved into a language, and it so it stayed until the present day, a language of stupidity rather than love.

The Mechanics of French

Unbeknownst to the majority of non-Francophiles, there are certain elements of French that are known only to native speakers and **HITCH** reporters.

The first thing the casual tourist must know about French is that the majority of words in French have no meaning whatsoever. Essentially, they are just used to make the language seem sophisticated. So when you converse in French, the listener must sift out the "blahs" from the actual words.

Here's a good example of this stupidity: The French phrase "Cét énfant a besôin de joujôux" just means "This kid needs toys." Get to the point already!

If you are confused by the great amount of accents above written French, don't worry. These accents are to confuse foreigners, so the French can smirk at them and forget their stupid past. The rules for accents are:

1) There must be a certain number of accents in each paragraph.

2) The accents must be placed in a seemingly random order to fool foreigners.

The Slang of French

The last little trick in the French language is the so-called "special" slang. These are phrases that would seem unintelligible to anyone not raised in France specifically to taunt and fool foreigners.

For example, while the French phrase, "Jé suis mangé les ecureuils ce sôir" translates as "I am eating many squirrels tonight," any wary Frenchman knows that it really means "I hate foreigners; they are stupid." And while the phrase "J'irai en lé Tibet pour tôurte du bélette" means "I am going to Tibet to eat weasel pie," it really means "I hate foreigners; they are bastards.

So grab a textbook or learning tapes and use this article to complement other language tutorials on your way to a fruitful life as a person who speaks French.

H

The Indian in the RV

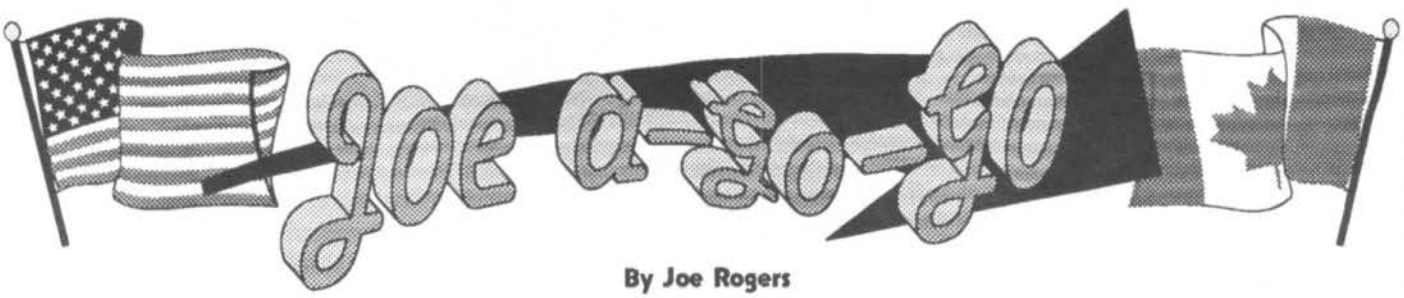
Hard to believe, but even MTV is politically correct these days. On second thought, given MTV's tendency to lock on to any and every trend, maybe it's not. With the advent of *The Real World*, in which members of every race, religion and sexual preference were forced to live together (and with a camera crew), MTV discovered that raw equals ratings. Thus, a spin-off was inevitable, and it surfaced earlier this year in the form of *Road Rules*, which was nothing more than *The Real World* in an RV.

One of *Road Rules*' "stars" showed up at a local Oklahoma City theme park to give away a red Ford Mustang, but her trip wasn't a long one; she's an OKC native. Shelly Spottedhorse, a recent high school graduate and a full-blooded Native American was selected to be one of the *Road Rule*rs because, luckily, MTV had a full-blooded Native American slot open.

Spottedhorse said she was pleased at how well the show was received, and added that her favorite episode was the one where the group took part in a New Orleans seance. Although their attempt to contact dead people failed, she said she was so emotionally moved that she cried.

She also admitted that it was tough sleeping with the same people each night in a camper, and that the black guy on the show bugged her to death. (Indeed, the two often argued on-air.) She refused to say who smelled the worst.

Now that her tour of duty is over, Spottedhorse is being pushed by her mom to attend college, but she's not sure. Honey, given the post-MTV careers of just about everybody that's been on MTV, you'd better truck on over to college. *—Cybil Longfellow*



By Joe Rogers

The Continuing Adventures of a Real-Life Ramblin' Man: Malaria at Banff and Smuggling Booze at the Border

After my respite (if you could call it that) on the roadside above Banff, I wound my way into town. My first stopping point was the Shell gas station, and, while the car did indeed need a little petrol, my main reason for pulling in was a little more pressing and, I felt, necessary. I paid the attendant ("Twenty bones, man") and asked for directions to the washroom (as the john is so called in the Great White North). He obliged, and I soon found myself in a much more pleasant state of mind.

After leaving my mark on Alberta, I drew the tent from my trunk, rolling it up and stuffing it inside its handy carrying case. I then did all those responsible things my father had instructed me to do back when I was in high school — I checked the oil ("Never let your fluids get low"), the tires ("Never let your tires get low") and the water ("Never, never ever let your water get low"). Everything checked out okie-dokie. Hell, I thought, it was easy to keep a car running like a top; all you had to do was keep everything overfilled.

I got directions to the Banff Centre from the attendant ("Is that like a place where there's a school and stuff?") and headed up thataway to meet my mate.

☮ ☮ ☮

There is no sales tax in the province of Alberta. As the town of Banff is within Alberta's boundaries, there is no sales tax, there is no sales tax in Banff, either. That would, perhaps, amount to something if one was to purchase an expensive item there, like an automobile, but freedom from that annoying pickpocketing expenditure didn't exactly rectify ill feelings about the $8 price tag on a roll of 35mm film. I'm not exaggerating here; *the film cost $8*. Only two words came to mind: *tourist trap*. Although I must admit Banff is genuinely beautiful, I can't avoid that little ol' truth. Banff is fast becoming a Mecca for the vacationing rich man.

And isn't that how it always is anytime rich people discover some beautiful part of the world? The small villages and unknown places become too expensive for one who isn't some sort of back-climbing capitalist ready to fork over exaggerated prices for, well, everything from rent to zucchini squash to 35mm film? Not to mention the destruction of the natural beauty that drew them to the place initially, what with the dams in the rivers, the multinational fast-food chains up and down main street and the clear cutting of the landscape? It'd be nice if a place that was nice could somehow refrain from cowing to the power of the unethical dollar and hold on to its integrity, but we all know that's not the way it works in the West. Oh, what would Thoreau have said?

But, all griping aside, there are a few things still unspoiled in Banff, and the most notable is the way that not all of the wildlife has disappeared. I mean, an elk or a deer walking downtown *a la Northern Exposure* is not an uncommon sight. Just don't make the same blunder an average of 43 rich tourists do each year and attempt to pet the cute animals. They don't cotton to it in quite the same way a dog or cat might.

Another thing remaining unspoiled is the monumentally high incidence of mosquito bites. Ever heard the old myths about how "The mosquitoes up north are goddamn huge"? It ain't no myth. I mean, the mosquitoes back at the white trash campground where I *tried* to stay the night before were not relegated to that campground alone. They had also taken up residence in Banff, much to my chagrin. See, I'm one of those people who, for some reason, mosquitoes flock to. I could be out walking with some friends and be the only one who got bit by the rotten aviators. And although I do believe in ecological preservation, I see nothing wrong with the mass destruction of mosquitoes. They are leeches, I tell you! They have no respect for human rights!

☮ ☮ ☮

"Hey, Pi," I said to my mate when I made it to Banff Centre.

"Hi," she said. "Did you see any elk?"

"Oh, yeah," I replied. "It's unfortunate the mosquitoes ruin everything for me."

"Mosquitoes?" she asked. "You have a problem with mosquitoes?"

It must be karma, sure enough.

It turned out that Pi had offered to give a friend a lift to the Calgary airport. While it's true Calgary was on our way, it wasn't true we had an abundance of space in the car. Okay, so maybe I overpacked; I just never like to be without my dictionary when I need it.

Of course, my knack for strategically packing things together with a minimal amount of spatial waste got the job done. I won't say, however, that the trip 94 miles east was all that comfortable for me, what with an ice chest riding upon my lap in the back seat. But, hey, that's the sort of gentleman I am.

After we made it to the airport, which wasn't all that easy, as there was a complete absence of directional street signs and we had to try and estimate just where the planes were taking off from by the planes themselves, I took my seat shotgun and surveyed this northern town of Calgary, one-time home of the Winter Olympic Games.

"You know," Pi said, "this looks just like Oklahoma City."

"You're right," I replied. "Just look at all the pickup trucks."

She turned on the radio and confirmed our suspicions about Calgary, home of some big annual rodeo. A song about beer and bars that was probably written by a Wrangler Jeans-wearin' fellow named Buck or Hank polluted the interior of the car. "Yup," I said, "just like OKC."

And oh, that hometown nostalgia!

☮ ☮ ☮

Heading south from Calgary, we switched seats and I got behind the wheel. "Now, Pi," I said, "you have to navigate, alright?"

"Well, okay," she said. "But remember what I told you about my map reading."

"Hell, man, there's nothing to it. Just read the damn thing."

And so, needless to say, we ended up lost in the middle of a soon-to-be forest. So I pulled off at the next off-ramp, which led us to a — what d'ya know — forest ranger station. After putting my shoes back on, we went inside.

"Hello," I said. "I think we're lost."

"Uh-huh," said the ranger, whose name appeared to be (if her nametag was correct) Maude.

"We're trying to get to the border."

"Yup," said Maude. "You're off-track, alright."

We stood there dumbly waiting for her to continue, but apparently, she required further incentive to do so.

"Well," I said, after her non-cooperative silence wore thin, "how do we get back on-track?"

"You just go back up on that road you came out here on," she said. "You come up to a junction with Highway 2 and take that. I don't think it's very well marked, so you have to be careful or you'll miss it."

"Just for curiosity's sake," I said, "what highway is this?"

"Twenty-two," said Maude.

"Hmmm," I said to Pi back in the car, "so you missed telling me the turn?"

"You're driving," Pi said. "Besides, I did tell you to stay on Highway 2. Did you get that confused with 22 or something?"

In truth, I had, but I sure as hell wasn't going to admit that to her. "Oh, well," I said, "we've only added about 45 minutes to our trip, that's all."

"Yeah," Pi said, "and I've always wanted to see Southwestern Alberta."

And oh, what thinly veiled sarcasm!

☮ ☮ ☮

We made it to Claresholm where we found a camping spot adjacent to a baseball diamond. "You folks down for the tournament?" the woman running the tenting show asked.

"Tournament?" I said.

"Yeah, the softball tournament," she said.

"Nope," Pi replied, "we're just passing through."

"Oh," the woman said, "good. I mean, not that I have anything against softball or something, but those players can get mighty randy at night. I mean, one year, they set up a keg and were up to all hours, drinking and so forth. Well, I hope that doesn't happen this year. I don't think it will, because Earl — that's my husband — Earl's telling them, as they pull up, to try and keep it down this year. See, Earl's got a bad back — he had an accident trying to lift something too heavy for him — you know those men — well, with his bad back, Earl needs to get lots of sleep. For it to get better. So I hope they won't be too loud this year. Besides, that noise last year, well, it would have kept the other campers — and by that, I mean folks like yourself — from getting any sleep, either!"

"Well," I said, "we're pretty tired. In fact, I think we'll go to sleep just as soon as we get our tent up."

"I see," said the tentmaster. "Well, pitch it over there. That way you may not hear those ballplayers anyhow. I mean, God bless them, they're the nicest folks — but with Earl's back and all..."

"Thanks," said Pi, "but I really think we'd sleep through pretty much anything tonight."

"Everything except mosquitoes," I said.

"Oh, well, you're in luck, then," said the tentmaster. "There aren't all that many mosquitoes down here this year."

It turned out she was telling the truth. For some reason, I had no problem at all with them. Of course, it may have been the citronella insect repellent I'd purchased back in Banff, too. And dammit, it should've been; any bug-away stuff that costs $8.50 sure as hell *should* do the trick.

☮ ☮ ☮

The border crossing is surrounded by duty-free stores. By duty-free, they mean that they don't have to pay taxes on the items in their store, and can pass them off to customers for what some TV or radio salespitcher would call *rock-bottom prices!* Which was especially dandy for all those smokers and drinkers out there. Cigarettes and booze are marked down incredibly, as a good portion of their costs is due to those sin taxes the governments put on them. I didn't buy any cigarettes, as I have no use for them, but I did manage to pick up a couple nice bottles of single-malt Scotch whisky for $20 apiece, bottles that would cost double that amount in the U.S. and triple that amount in Canada.

A brief aside: Single-malt Scotch whisky — wow! One of those pleasures of life that's offered up to everyone out there. If you, kind reader, can manage to scrounge up the cash for a bottle, I highly recommend picking one up.

A nice Islay would be good for starters — if for no other reason than to stay away from the pop-Scotch brand names like Glenlevit and Glenfiddich that people who are "hip" to every trendy fad that comes along would know of.

"Anything to declare?" the U.S. border officer asked.

"Nope," I said.

"Have a nice day," he said, and readied himself for the next car.

Heh, heh, heh.

H

The HITCH Luggage Tag

BONUS!

- ☞ *Straight lines make cutting a breeze!*
- ☞ *Attach to suitcase!*
- ☞ *Not just safe...it's stylish!*

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Phone _____

NOTICE TO THIEVES:
If found, do not rummage through my luggage in search of cash and valuables for you to pawn in order to satisfy your heroin/crack habit, you cheap, greasy bastard.

Hop on Cherry Poppin' Daddies

By Jamie Munn

When the Cherry Poppin' Daddies fall on virgin ears, *look out*.

It's best to describe the band this way: Put Glenn Miller on one speeding, runaway train; Elvis (both young and old) on another. Head them toward each other on the same track to the point of collision. Train horns blare warnings from Dana Heitman (trumpet, trombone), Brooks Brown (alto sax) and Adrian Baxter (tenor sax). Dan Schmid (bass) and Brian West (drums) provide the chugging, charging beat. Chris Azorr (keyboards) rings a gate-crossing warning. Ram the two trains together, and the metal twist is Jason Moss (lead guitar).

The engineer of this crew is no chicken, frontman-songwriter Steve Perry. (I know what you're thinking right now, and I hope you're not actually that stupid to admit it, but for idiots, the answer is "*No*.") The man is equal parts Cab Calloway, James Brown and Rev. Horton Heat. But he's all deviluscious. At live shows he sports a turquoise zoot suit complete with green-feathered pimp hat. And his lyrics aren't for the weak at heart or gray matter.

Accommodating ears will catch the references on their 1990 release, *Ferociously Stoned*, to child abuse in "Drunk Daddy" and B-movies in "Teenage Brainsurgeon." I personally want the disenchanted message of "The Lifeboat Mutiny" played at my funeral. Other rock critics may call "Flovilla Thatch vs. The Virile Garbage Man" a "celebration of female appendages, yet an examination of traditional gender roles." I'm going out on a limb, but I'm going to say it's a tit-worship-baby-got-front funkout that defies any large-breasted woman and her admirers *not* to shake it. Your mind transfers you to a smoky, blue neon-lit card club featuring striper Miss Sudsy in her giant, elegant martini glass as you listen to "Shake Your Lovemaker." The rest of the album is dotted with Lil' Orphan Annie, *A Clockwork Orange*, John Coltrane and even *Exterminating Angel* references.

The Daddies' 1994 release, *Rapid City Muscle Car*, picks ups more developed mixing lounge, ska, Christmas chamber horns, grunge and love ballads into an intoxicating brew. "Sockable Face Club" is a peppy, yet pained look at how we've all felt spotting a leerer, especially men (more especially, Marines), while taking a public-restroom piss. "Come Back to Me" is a 1966 ditty that Perry croons pining for a beauty's return. You still get your daily recommended allowance of deadbeat/missing-in-action father figure in the thrashy "Hazel, South Dakota." You want big-band bigamy, you got "The Ding-Dong Daddy of the D-Car Line." The sick wa-wa pedal of "Chrysalis" makes for good late-night smokin' music, and Rick and Elsa

could slow-dance to "Lovers Understand."

Perry says that it's not necessary for listeners or audiences to pick up on all the references in his songs, but bringing in a knowledge of Iggy Pop, Bob Dylan and Bob Marley, for example, will set the tone for a song such as "Johanna of the Spirits."

"It's hard to write a novel in a song in three minutes," Perry said, so intelligent references help delineate some of the background.

If you're auto-mobile, I highly recommend driving any distance to see this circus in a live show. If you're lucky, the stage will be large enough for the Daddies to bring out their penis cycle, affectionately called "Dildorado" and "The Dildozer" by Perry. A realistic, six-foot John Thomas, you'd predickt correctly that it's going to drive around, grow and shoot white confetti and glitter onto the audience for the finale in the best money shot I've ever seen. If there's a smaller stage, you might get at least the diaper-clad, hooded stage dancer waving a crucified, uncooked plucked chicken. Get right in front of the horn section and watch the whacked moshers who'll thrash to some of Perry's "weirdly appropriate" songs and even to some that *don't* lend themselves to 19-year-old white, upper-middle-class grungy kids smacking into each other. If you're not a converted Popper when you go in, you'll be one heading out, because the band is a virtual "department store" of beats. And any price is worth seeing Perry gyrate.

If you're unfortunate enough to live in a town not on their tour route, check out the Daddies' albums on Space Age Bachelor Pad Records. Perry said the band's CDs have sold fairy well, but still not enough for the whole gang to eat graciously on. Asking for the band by name may get you ushered out of humor-void Blockbuster Music stores, but Tower Records carries their stuff. Otherwise, go find them in your favorite non-chain establishment.

Perry added the band will finish its next album when it returns from the current tour. The tracks should be finished around the holidays, and another tour is planned for January and February 1996.

Seeing them in the flesh is best; if you're an eMpTV-head, don't even bother. Otherwise, share them with your neighbors by playing them *really* loud on your stereo. This band is a once-in-a-lifetime listening experience that will leave you begging for more.

Don't you trust me? **H**

Now Ear THIS

With the surfeit of tribute discs flooding the market, it's nice to actually happen upon one that is worth the bucks. And this month, we've found *two*.

Ten indie bands do the drive-in thing to pay tribute to the godfather of B-movies in ***Stock Footage: Music from the Films of Roger Corman*** (WorryBird Disk). Even if you can't recall any music from his flicks, any fan of bargain-basement cinema should enjoy this fun disc. While some of the cuts are straight remakes of title themes, other works are "inspired" by various sexploitation entries and Poe adaptations.

In the former category, the band A Bones steals the disc with a rousing dose of swinging juvenile delinquency called "All Night Long" from the film *Carnival Rock*. In the latter, cult fave Man or Astro-Man? works its space-surf wonders with "Transmission from Venus," inspired by *It Conquered the World*, even weaving in sound bites of stars Peter Graves and Lee Van Cleef. Johnny Legend contributes an amusing novelty called "Teenage Caveman," while the group Non Credo — in paying tribute to both *I Mobster* and *Premature Burial* — perhaps best captures the Corman feel with its song "Hacked," utilizing a marimba, vibraphone and clarinet to recreate that unmistakable menacing, yet playful, sound that permeates the frames of most of his horror hits. The audio clip of "Gentlemen...the broads!" adds a nice touch, too.

There's truly not a bad cut on this disc. Other bands featured include Miss Murgatroid, Mouse, Subsonics, Plan 9, Space Negroes and LMNOP, paying homage to the films *X: The Man with X-Ray Eyes*, *Creature from the Haunted Sea*, *Candy Stripe Nurses*, *A Bucket of Blood*, *The Wild Angel*, *Caged Heat* and *The Fall of the House of Usher*.

Hook-laden English wonders XTC get the star treatment in ***A Testimonial Dinner: The Songs of XTC*** (Thirsty Ear), and if there's a band that deserves it, it's this one. For years, they've released a string of great pop albums which have been largely ignored — at least by the general public. XTC's continuing legacy has influenced a slew of their contemporaries, as this compilation attests.

Freedy Johnston kicks off the proceedings with "Earn Enough for Us," a song about a man lamenting how he's going to make ends meet without losing his love — in other words, much like a typical Freedy song. He delivers it with all the energy that fueled his near-perfect *This Perfect World*, and does such a fabulous job that you wish he'd done this whole album on his own.

That's not to say other artists fail. The band Spacehog makes a name for themselves with "Senses Working Overtime," while Crash Test Dummies' accordion-infused take on "All You Pretty Girls" is even more impressive than their other XTC cover, "The Ballad of Peter Pumpkinhead," from last year's *Dumb and Dumber* soundtrack. The XTC sound is best captured by Terry & the Lovemen — and no wonder; it's a pseudonymous XTC.

The cut from They Might Be Giants isn't quite as fun as we expect the band to be, and Sarah McLachlan's "Dear God" is, as with all her work, depressingly lethargic. Even still, what are the Rembrandts doing on here?

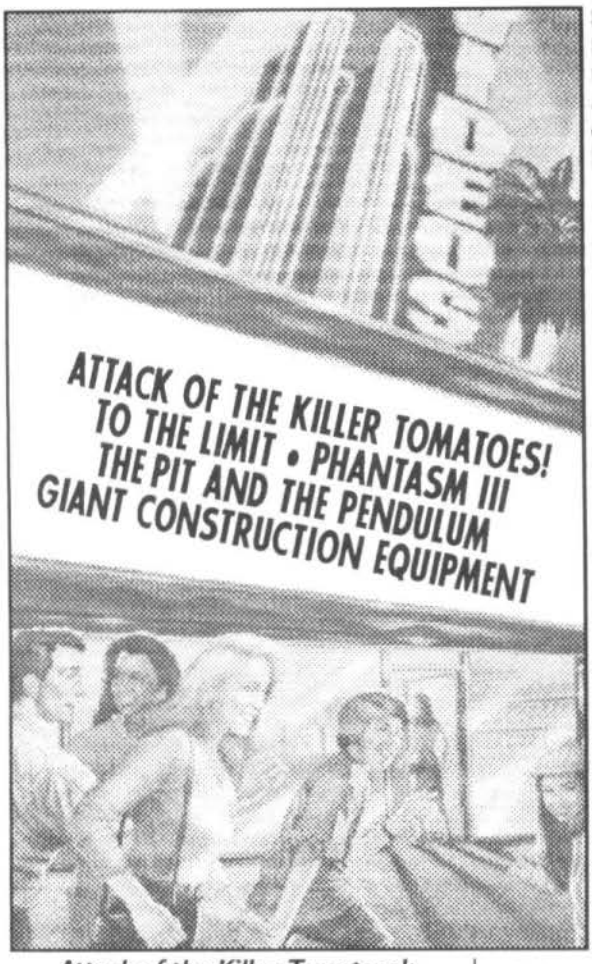
If I have a real complaint, it's that XTC's most recent work — including *Oranges and Lemons* and *Nonsuch* — is left out here, though it's among their strongest. How peculiar that while many of the artists here have "hit it big," the three men of XTC have to get real jobs between albums to earn a living. That's life, I guess, and XTC is smart enough to simply turn such ironies into songs — wonderful ones, at that, which sadly fall on mostly deaf ears. If *Testimonial* changes that for at least one person, all the work will not be for naught.

❦ ❦ ❦

Listen up, kiddos: Green Day is *not* punk. Neither is Offspring. Now Bad Religion – that's another story. Now that they've crossed over into major label success, Epitaph Records has raided their vaults to find the band's best. The result, ***All Ages***, is fast, fun and furious. Now this, children, is what punk rock was meant to be.

Proud and loud, Bad Religion isn't just a bunch of screaming no-talents with a collective two-chord set list. Hidden beneath the raging guitars are actual, honest-to-God melodies, and even lyrics to top that off.

A few of the 22 cuts run less than a minute, but what they lack in length are made up for in energy. Among the standouts on this new CD – which includes some live tracks being released for the first time – include "I Want to Conquer the World," "Anesthesia," "You Are (the Government)" and "21st Century Digital Boy."



Attack of the Killer Tomatoes!: Exclusive Director's Cut
(1975)
Buena Vista Home Video
★★★★★

Time has been kind to *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes!*, the '70s novelty that is known more for its title or highly hummable theme song than its actual content. Now that it's been re-released in an "exclusive director's cut," it's interesting to note how much influence it's had.

Yes, I said *influence*.

Watch it and see if its haphazard mix of deadpan humor, rapid-fire execution and slapstick sight gags doesn't remind you of *Airplane!*, *The Naked Gun* series or virtually anything else from the Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker team. As *Mystery Science Theater 3000* can attest, many awful horror and sci-fi films have been made in the past few decades, yet *Tomatoes* was the first awful horror/sci-fi movie *intentionally* made that way, in order to mercilessly parody awful horror/sci-fi movies.

Even if you haven't seen it, you know what it's about: Unexplainedly, tomatoes of all shapes and sizes begin to turn on the human population. A crack team of military experts are called in to rid the nation of this beefsteak scourge. With that said, you get a woman eating a bowl of steroids, a guy running around town with a parachute and the smash-hit "Puberty Love."

I hadn't seen this movie for at least 10 years, and was pleasantly surprised at how well it works. A lot of its humor apparently had gone over my junior-high head. Though it's as hit-and-miss as either of the *Hot Shots!* films, when it does hit, it hits hard. It's like a *Mad* magazine article committed to celluloid, with every joke, no matter how dumb, intact. The shots of tomatoes rolling down hallways and jumping out of sinks are still priceless.

Since this is the director's cut, new footage has been added. Though I can't tell a difference, I liked the introductory segment chronicling the film's history, complete with an interview with a tomato and lost footage featuring a chainsaw-wielding carrot. My only gripe is that during the actual film, the producer interrupts about three times to make some silly remark.

Somehow, this no-budget, instant curiosity spawned three sequels (so far) and a cartoon show. As if that propagation record wasn't enough, the tape comes with a killer tomato seed packet, so you can grow your own hell-bent fruits at home.

Armour of God
(1986)
Facets Multimedia
★★☆☆☆

Like all Hong Kong movies I've seen, *Armour of God* is weak on story and plot. The action, however, is top-notch, thanks to its director-star Jackie Chan. The problem is, there's just not enough of it.

The film begins with a bang, in a spectacular scene that would do Indiana Jones proud. Midway through, there's a chase through the streets that's as thrilling as *Bullitt*'s. The best is saved 'til the end: a total balls-out assault of the senses as Jackie takes on four Amazon women in stiletto heels. Too bad everything else in between is a bore. Chan should just give up on trying to tell a story and string together set piece after set piece.

The plot, flimsy as it is, has to do with stealing a suit of armor. I think it belonged to God.

Curse of the Mummy's Tomb
(1964)
N/A
★★★★☆

Archeologists find pharaoh's tomb. Tomb contains mummy. Ignoring curse, archeologists let mummy out. Mummy comes back to life. *"RRRAARRRR!,"* says the mummy. Mummy kills people. Mummy gets horny for woman. Mummy kills self instead of woman. From Hammer, naturally.

The Skateboard Kid
(1993)
New Horizons Home Video
★★★☆☆

As if we didn't already have enough reasons to hate skateboarders, Roger Corman gives us one more.

The new kid in town, Zack, is picked on by a gang of skatin' bullies. Things change, however, when his own skateboard gets struck by lightning one night and begins to talk with the voice of Dom DeLuise. Whereas my first reaction would be the break the thing in two, Zack befriends it and names it Rip.

Zack is able to get revenge on the bullies by having Rip squirt oil on their shoes (tee-hee!) and run underneath their legs, causing much confusion! With Rip's help, Zack also is able to save the local single-mom hoochie (Bess Armstrong) from financial devastation and run her into the arms of his widowed dad (Timothy Busfield).

The lame-o director of this kiddie flick includes way too many shots of youths gleaming the cube. The gloss-metal soundtrack, most of which was embarrassingly produced by Don Was, is infuriating. The end credits run over a music video by the talentless band The Trashkittens.

Nukie
(1993)
Vidmark Entertainment
★★★☆☆

Picture this: two aliens who happen to be brothers crash-land on Earth. One, Nukie,

Videos reviewed in **HITCH** receive star ratings based not on artistic merit, but on levels of enjoyment, from ★☆☆☆☆ (as much fun as a funeral) to ★★★★★ (fun, fun, fun 'til daddy takes the TV away).

lands safely in the jungles of Africa. The other one, Niko, is injured upon his arrival in Florida, whereupon he is picked up by evil NASA men who stick tubes up his nose and jab him with needles. Both speak English, yet never move their mouths, and look like space monkeys.

In his search for his brother, Nukie inadvertently scares away rhinos, yet carries on conversations with baboons as snot drips out his nose. He also encounters two twin native boys whose loincloths constantly reveal their eight-year-old bottoms. Glynis Johns is a nun in the village. Steve Railsback is an astronaut who comes to find Nukie.

Given that animals talk and that its star is a foam-rubber creature with a Down's Syndrome face, *Nukie* is aimed directly at kids, yet the scenes of Niko being subjected to shock therapy would scare the hell out of most of its intended audience. They wouldn't appreciate its warpedness anyway.

Barbarian Queen
(1985)
Vestron Video
★★★☆☆

T&A knows no boundaries of time, as evidenced by *Barbarian Queen*, in which lovely Lana Clarkson (ostensibly the character representative of the title) defends her village and its people from the wrath of the evil, non-bathing dictator Arrakur. For her troubles, she gets chained to table in a dungeon and molested with a robotic hand. Oh, those innovative torturers!

Slower than the minds of the bimbos comprising the supporting cast, this movie is so dull that it truthfully deserves just a single star. However, the comely charms of Ms. Clarkson boost the rating considerably, one star for each charm. How she manages to look ever so winsome and fetching amongst all the soil and grime and Katt Shea Rubin is, I suppose, one of Hollywood's dirty little secrets.

This is not to be confused with *Warrior Queen*, *Warrior Princess*, *Sheena: Queen of the Jungle*, or, for that matter, Tom Selleck's *Folks!*

The Plague of the Zombies
(1966)
N/A
★★★★☆

In one of Hammer's best all-around efforts, a sleepy English town is being tormented by members of the walking dead. It seems the town squire is a big believer in voodoo – so much so that he keeps an entire African tribe of native drummers and a team of tin-mining zombies in his basement. (Can you imagine the overhead?) The local physician and his visiting professor stumble upon the secret when the good doctor's wife falls prey. Together, they race to prevent the professor's daughter from befalling a similar fate.

From an early scene in which the daughter catches a glimpse of the contents of an overturned coffin, *The Plague of the Zombies* succeeds in casting an eerie shadow over the course of the film. While the zombies themselves are nothing new, the sequence where they emerge from their graves is a keeper, second only to the part where the professor introduces one of them to the power of an expertly swung shovel.

While holding faithful to the turn-of-the-century Gothic settings of all Hammer horror pictures, *Plague* is pleasantly better-paced and delivers a lion's share of satisfactory chills.

Evil Toons
(1990)
Prism Entertainment
★☆☆☆☆

Four babes (okay, Monique Gabrielle and three bosomy but butt-ugly women) are hired to spend the weekend cleaning a haunted house. The first night, white-haired David Carradine knocks on the door and hands them the Book of the Dead. By reading it, they accidentally summon an animated wolf from his resting place.

This cheaply animated creature immediately...ahem...goes to town by raping one of the women. It's played for laughs, but guess what? Rape's not funny. The wolf then inhabits her body for the rest of the film to save money, reappearing in cartoon form only at the very end.

Directed by hack Fred Olen Ray, *Evil Toons* is perhaps one of the worst exploitation films to come down the pipe in quite some time. It was made obviously for three reasons: 1) To capitalize on the live-action/cartoon meld of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, 2) The producer wanted to make a movie with lots and lots of boobs, and 3) Arte Johnson was available.

Arcade
(1993)
Paramount Home Video
★☆☆☆☆

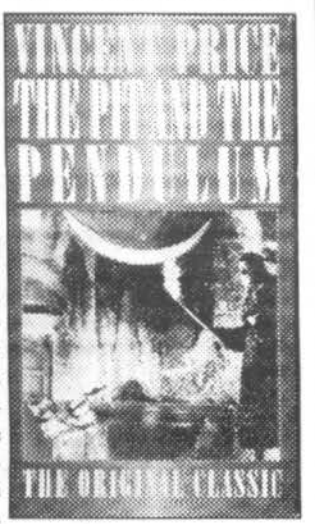
I didn't think any computer-themed film could be worse than *The Lawnmower Man*, but leave it up to Full Moon Entertainment to prove me wrong. Under the retarded direction of Albert Pyun (*Captain America*), any sense of fun *Arcade* may have had is lost by the second frame.

Cute-as-a-button Megan Ward (who deserves better material than this) stars as a troubled teen who notices all her friends have been missing since that new virtual-reality game came to town. Could it have sucked them in? Could their lives be held in the hands of a computer? Will she have to play the game in order to save them? Do you honestly give a flip?

The scenes in which Ward enters the game are the only thing this sorry thing has going for it, mostly because they utilize computer graphics. Now all grown up and wanting not a Red Ryder BB gun but a piece of tail, Peter Billingsley assists her. The script is beyond horrendous (example: red-headed punk kid brags, "I took that girl out last night, the one with the big you-know, and I *squeezed* 'em!"), it looks like it was filmed in a basement and, oddly enough, Full Moon's usual high production values are shelved as Pyun commits the crap to cheap tape that gives it the same shoddy, thrift-store feel of the *Bikini Carwash* movies. *Arcade* has absolutely no forward drive.

The Pit and the Pendulum
(1961)
Goodtimes Home Video
★★★★☆
The Pit and the Pendulum
(1990)
Paramount Home Video
★★☆☆☆

Roger Corman takes a lot of critical punches nowadays, yet we seem to forget that his series of Edgar Allan Poe adaptations for AIP represents some solid, competent and even compelling filmmaking. Case in point: the much-lauded *The Pit and the Pendulum*, in which the dead wife of Vincent Price haunts the castle, particularly within its bowels of the torture chamber.



The last 30 minutes of this picture are a true masterpiece of Gothic horror. The famous pendulum sequence is still suspenseful. Even the surprise

ending comes as a true shocking surprise. Effectively creepy, this is best watched on a rainy night.

Compare that with the Full Moon remake directed by Stuart Gordon, the man behind *Re-Animator*. Straying from the story of the original, Gordon heaps on gore and gorgeous naked babes for the MTV generation, and it doesn't work. There are a few good scenes (we finally get to see the pendulum serve its purpose), but the pace is sluggish and a bald Lance Henriksen overacts as usual.

To the Limit
(1995)
PM Entertainment
★★★★☆

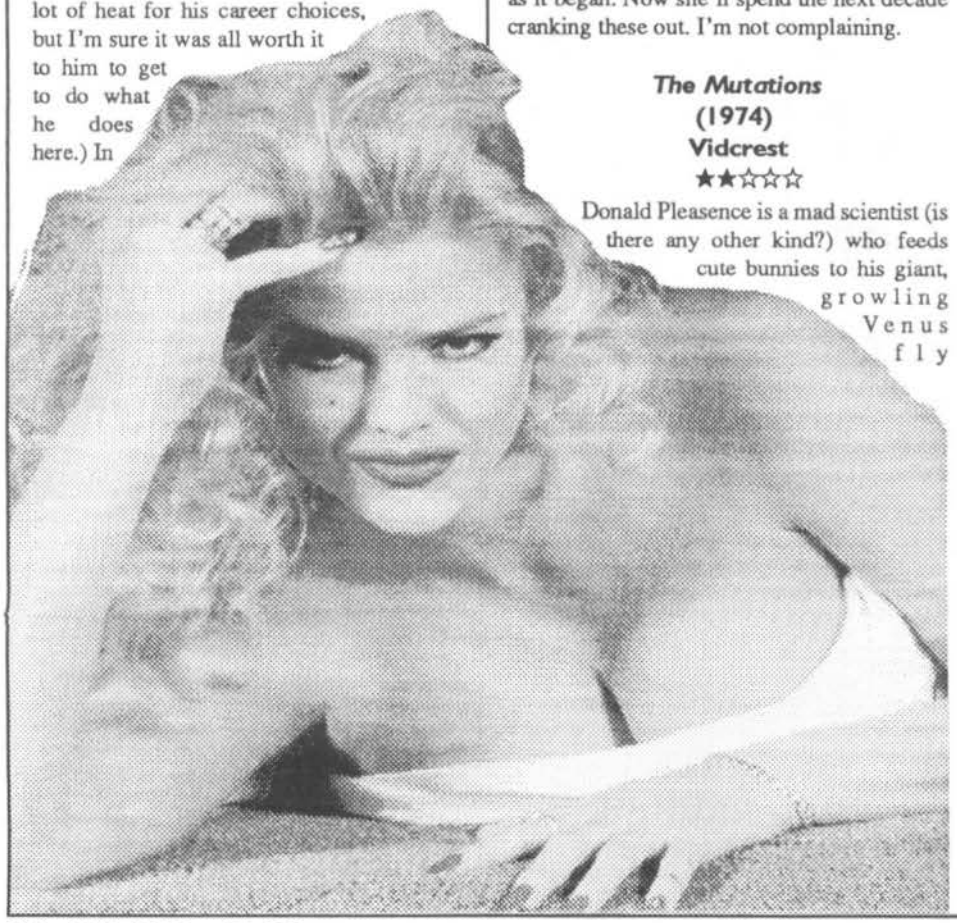
In her first starring role, the former skinny Playmate of the Year (and current gold digger) Anna Nicole Smith stars as a former CIA agent. Unbelievable as that is, let's answer your questions right up front: *Four nude scenes.*

In the first, Anna *really* enjoys her bath. No sooner is she out, dry and all gussied up when Michael Nouri comes home and gets her naked again. (You know, Nouri's taken a lot of heat for his career choices, but I'm sure it was all worth it to him to get to do what he does here.) In the third, Anna *really* enjoys her shower. In the last, Anna beds a white-bearded Joey Travolta, who produced and co-wrote this thing.

When Nouri is murdered in a car bombing and Travolta nearly the victim of a simultaneous mob hit, Anna takes revenge into her own hands. (With Nouri's blood smeared on her crying face, she looks like Courtney Love.) She's got a gun and she's not afraid to use it, along with a couple other things. This role demands Anna to do many difficult things she has not done before, such as drive a police car backwards, wear a beret and black wig, type with two fingers, answer a phone and speak lines like "We had the documentation to hang his ass!" and "That's why we've got to flush the sonofabitch out!" She does none convincingly.

But does it matter? Not at all. The other actors, including two other Playmates, all emote in the very definition of amateur. The end has Anna flinging a compact disc toward the villain, so hard that it penetrates his skull. Sure, you saw CDs used like that two years ago in *Hellraiser III*, but when Anna does it, it's *much* funnier.

Anna's big-screen career was over as soon as it began. Now she'll spend the next decade cranking these out. I'm not complaining.



The Mutations
(1974)
Vidcrest
★★☆☆☆

Donald Pleasence is a mad scientist (is there any other kind?) who feeds cute bunnies to his giant, growling Venus fly trap. Nearby, there's a freak show passing through, complete with bearded lady, an alligator man, a pretzel man, various midgets and a black guy who pops his eyes out of his sockets.

What Pleasence and the real-life freaks have to do with each other, I never figured out. Aside from the carnival scene that introduces to each freak and his/her/its respective talent, this British oddity is a snore. Boobs are shown to pique your interest, but don't you fall for it.

Phantasm III: Lord of the Dead
(1994)
MCA/Universal Home Video
★★★★☆

This third installment of the horror series opens with a bunch of clips from the first two films, then rejoins our heroes where Part II left off. It's as if *Phantasm* had become part of the syndicated *Action Pack* series, and it might as well be; it's obvious that The Tall Man will never die, the silver-bladed balls will always fly and Mike and Reggie are doomed to forever roam the country in their muscle car, stopping at every cemetery and mortuary along the way.

That's not to say this is altogether bad; in fact, I'm to the point where I feel comfortable with this situation. I don't ever *want* them to destroy The Tall Man's plans. I want this to go on and on for at least 12 more sequels. While the balls are up to their usual cranium-drilling mayhem and erstwhile ice-cream man Reggie is still toting around his custom-modified quadruple-barrel shotgun, Don Coscarelli's direction seems more inventive than ever. For once, the gore is served up with a hint of self-parody, venturing into Raimi territory. Believe me, it's for the better.

Lord of the Dead is right on par with *Phantasm II*, both of which are better than the highly overrated original. Like the first two films, this one ends up in the air, with all not happy. A little kid is introduced in this one, though, which hints that future sequels could be in store. If they include the kid, who fights off would-be kidnappers with a Frisbee fitted with razor blades, things could get *really* cool.

Scooby Doo: The Caped Crusader Caper
(1972)
Worldvision Home Video
★★★★☆

In this exciting episode from *The New Scooby Doo Movies* series, Scoob and the gang are camping. It begins with the usual hilarious hi-jinks as Scooby, looking for firewood, unknowingly yanks on a deer's antlers, and Shaggy backs his ass into a porcupine. Things take a grim turn, however, when the Joker and the Penguin show up. Luckily, so do

Batman and Robin, and thus begins our adventure.

The Joker and Penguin are eager to get their hands on a flying suit developed by an absent-minded professor. They throw the Mystery Machine gang off their track with the old 180° bridge trick. Then they all get lost in a cave, where Fred, Velma and ultra-hot Daphne are attacked by a giant robotic bat, all while Shag and Scoob run like wussies from a tree spirit and a phantom geyser. In the most breathtaking scene, Shag and Scoob actually *defy gravity*. This miracle occurs when they take a leap toward the water, freeze in mid-air, decide they would rather not dive in, and *go backwards onto land*. How they did that I will never know.

Batman and Robin fly around in the safety of their Batcopter, thereby letting those meddling kids risk their lives doing all the hard stuff. Batman hints as his true colors when he remarks, "Robin, look at that cute, little chipmunk!" Fred Flintstone and Yogi Bear have cameos, while Velma exclaims "Jinkies!" four times.

Real Life Giant Construction Equipment for Kids
(1993)
Publishers Choice Video
★★★★★

At the beginning of this twisted educational adventure, two young boys are walking around a dilapidated junkyard scattered with huge chunks of rock on which they can crack their skulls. The oldest one, Max, tells the younger one, Alex, "See that big, yellow monster over there? That's a 520-horsepower D-10 bulldozer! Big as a house!" This is our first tip-off that Alex is destined for a traumatic adolescence.

Then the two stumble upon a beat-up Thermos, which Max warns not to open because it is probably filled with "rotten, stinky chicken soup." It's not – it's filled with the even worse "Hard Hat Harry," a so-called "genie" with buff biceps whose name alone hints at his desire for the company of prepubescent boys. As he is released, Harry remarks, "Man, I gotta get a bigger Thermos!" (Don't we all, Harry?)

Thankful for his exile from the insulated coffee holder, Harry grants the boys a wish. And just what do these two eager, enterprising, red-blooded youths wish for? Pogs? Money? Whores? Nope – they blow the opportunity of a lifetime to see *construction equipment*. The kids agree to be abducted by this suspect stranger to a construction site; thus, Harry sprinkles them with "magic gravel." (Eschewing all they learned in their school's "Stranger Danger" program, the kids accept this mystery substance.)

There, the kids are introduced to various digging, drilling and dumping machines, all of which, disturbingly, talk. A backhoe front loader sounds like Elvis, a road-paver talks like Dracula and a dumptruck speaks like Arnie Schwarzenegger. Another dumptruck, this one with a Jersey accent, openly ridicules the children. Even worse, the kids are subjected to non-stop sexual innuendo.

At first, it is introduced in an ever-so-subtle fashion, as Hard Hat Harry talks of the time it takes "to erect the tower crane." Then Pete the Piledriver explains how his support beams "keep the pile from moving when I slam into it" with "my king-sized hammer." Just before breaking into song, a crane boasts how "me and my crane friends can do it all day long, and we never get tired!"

Harry becomes party to such perversion when he forces Max and Alex to watch a dumptruck "back up and dump its heavy load!" Soon, the dumptruck starts to croon, "Fill me up and you tap my load!" Minutes later, a concrete pumper explains, "I use them for stability so I won't tip over when I'm pumping!" just before he is interrupted by the arriving ready-mix concrete truck who titillates, "I'm going to pour my concrete into your rear hamper. Watch my chute come out. Ready, aim, fire!" After this ugly transaction, the pumper elaborates: "Then the concrete worker pulls my snaking hose....When he gives me the signal, I take a deep breath and *blow* that concrete out at a stupendous rate!"

The height of this grotesque talk comes when the asphalt paver receives asphalt. "Ah," it says, pleased, "just the way I like it: hot and wet!...Between two to four inches is the ideal depth!" Is it an accident that most of these paving machines are manufactured by a company called Wacker? I think not.

When the kids are introduced to the impact hammer ("Where's a nice piece of hard rock I can pulverize?" it asks), they start spewing double entendres themselves. Commenting on the driver of the impact hammer, Max says, "By the end of the day, I bet that man's brains are pulverized, too!" Harry agrees, "Yeah, I bet he gets rattled pretty hard!"

Even lil' Alex gets into the picture, commenting how a fully extended crane reminds him of an elephant. Um...which appendage, young sportsman?

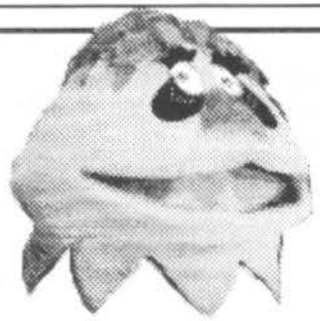
By the time Hard Hat Harry has let the kids know he prefers to call bucket trucks by the nickname "cherry pickers," he's already crossed the line. But, alas, it's too late; when Max spots a female construction worker waving at him, he says with a knowing leer, "Ask her if I can have a bite of her sandwich!"

At the end, the pedophile returns the children to their home before their parents discover their whereabouts, and that night, Max and Alex giggle with pleasure, remembering they have at least two other wishes. Given Harry's corrupting influence, we can make a confident educated guess that they include his own "monster machinery." Only if the trio was visited by Killdozer at the end could this video be more fun.

Dead Alive
(1992)
Vidmark Entertainment
★★★★★

In what is easily the most disgusting movie ever made, a Sumatra rat monkey is taken from its Skull Island home to a New Zealand zoo, where it bites an old woman who promptly starts to ooze and fall to pieces. When her skin begins to peel off, her loving son gets out the mucilage. Pretty soon, she dies, but becomes a bloodthirsty zombie. Then everyone she bites becomes a zombie, too, while sonny-boy keeps all the walking corpses rounded up in the basement as best as he can.

The final half of this film is an all-out blood-and-guts assault as a party turns into a feeding frenzy, with all the guests falling prey



Krofft Cheese

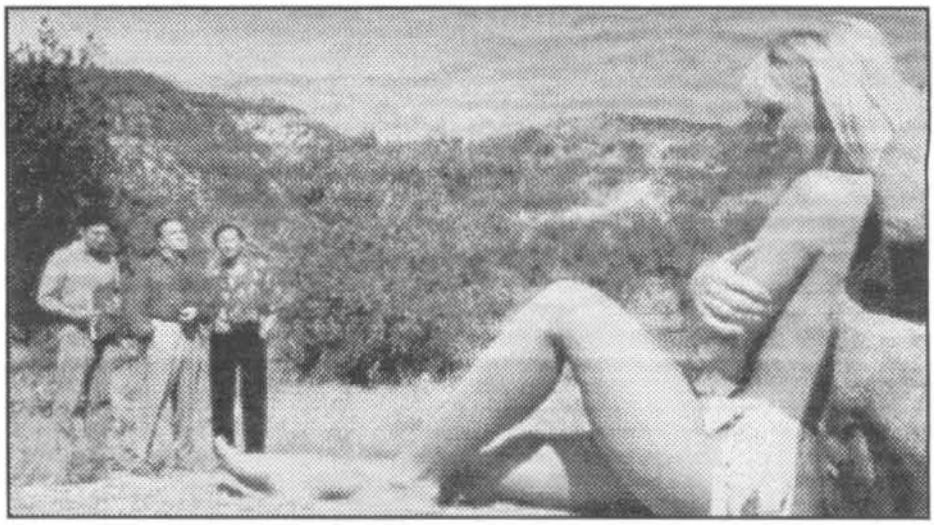
Twisted. Scary. Disturbing.

Welcome to the world of Sid and Marty Krofft, whose truly warped creations rules Saturday morning airwaves for the better part of the '70s.

Now, thanks in part to the retro resurgence, the Kroffts are in the midst of a comeback of sorts, with today's generation of kids, weaned on shoddily animated shows based on toys, discovering the sugar-coated other dimension of the Krofft legacy.

Fans who missed Nick at Nite's recent "Puf-a-palooza" marathon can relive the experience thanks to the magic of video. Both the old and new versions of *Land of the Lost* have countless episodes out on tape. Also readily available include compilations of *Sigmund and the Sea Monsters* (pictured below), *Lidsville*, *Bigfoot and Wildboy* and the eerie mutant dragon *H.R. Pufnstuf* (pictured above), whose yellow head is so out of proportion with the remainder of his body, you'd think he was cursed with encephalitis.

The future looks even better, with plans for live-action feature films of *Land of the Lost* and *Pufnstuf*, thereby assuring the Krofft brothers will be scaring us for years to come.



Centerfold J.J. North's measurements? 392-262-392.

to the monkey bite. Our hero saves himself and his gal by fetching the lawnmower. This, I'm convinced, is what *Monkey Trouble* should have been.

Director Peter Jackson pulls out *all* the stops to make the ultimate cartoony marriage of horror and comedy. Limbs fly. Heads roll. Intestines slide. The best scenes involve a mischievous mutant baby, while the most interesting supporting character is the karate-chopping priest who declares, "I kick ass for the Lord!" You really have to admire a film that dares to go this far, and then goes even farther.

National Lampoon's Attack of the 5'2" Women
(1994)
Columbia/Tri-Star Home Video
★★★☆☆

I've never been a fan of Julie Brown's silly comedy, but with this made-for-cable movie, she's not the only creative input at work. She does, however, play both lead roles in this two-tiered parody on 1993's most celebrated news vixens, figure-skater/cold-hearted snake Tonya Harding and sexually frustrated wife/Ginsu maiden Lorena Bobbitt.

The Harding vs. Kerrigan affair, titled simply "Tonya," comes first, and is surprisingly better than the second segment, "He Never Give Me Orgasm." The rivalry between the two skaters is played for as many laughs as it can get, and there are a few. The Bobbitt saga, though, relies on too many penis jokes, though the sight of Dick Miller searching a field for a stump is something to see.

The main problem with this film is that its subjects were already funny as is; thus, these targets are much too easy. Still, the cast attempts to embellish a twist or two, yet falls flat when it allows Julie to take center ring to sing her stupid novelty songs.

The Deadly Tower
(1975)
Xenon Home Video
★★★★☆

Based on the true story of Charles Whitman, who in 1966 holed himself and a crate of telescopic rifles up high above Austin's University of Texas campus and fired at people indiscriminantly, killing 13.

As Whitman, Russell is believable, even though he says only about 10 lines and just shoots and shoots and shoots, picking off coeds at random. As the drama unfolds, various policemen and armed citizens try to infiltrate the tower without taking a bullet. Few succeed. John Forsythe plays a detective, while Ned Beatty a vigilante bookstore owner.

Surprisingly good for a made-for-TV movie, *The Deadly Tower* succeeds in showing the senselessness of violence without being overly exploitative. The ending generates more suspense than anything in recent memory. This is one that gets under your skin.

Attack of the 60 Foot Centerfold
(1995)
New Horizons Home Video
★★★★☆

Even though the title *does* say it all, I'm going to say a little more. Namely, Roger Corman, you're a saint for green-lighting this baby.

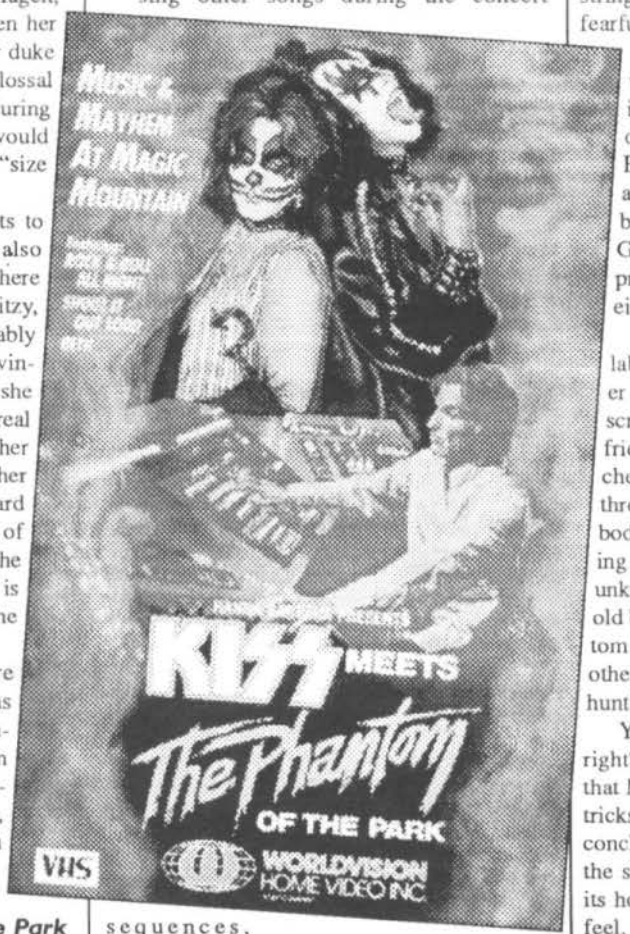
The reigning god of B-cinema produced this '90s-style update of the '50s drive-in classic *Attack of the 50-Foot Woman*, making his ingenue 10 feet taller and not allowing her clothes grow with her, the latter decision being the most wise. Blonde cutie J.J. North stars as Angel, one of three finalists for the Plaything of the Year competition. To help get a leg (among other things) up on her bitchy opponents, she swallows a growth serum her doctor gave her to help increase her chest size. Trouble is, she takes too much of it, so not

only do her breasts grow, but the rest of her, too.

Then she spends the rest of the movie walking around in a skimpy outfit, scaring the likes of "special guest stars" Ross Hagen, Tommy Kirk and Russ Tamblyn. When her most bitter rival gets tall, too, the pair duke it out downtown in a war of the colossal centerfolds. It was inevitable that during this scene, director Fred Olen Ray would have a fleeing extra comment on the "size of those tits."

A subplot involves inutile attempts to exterminate a lab rat who has also increased in size, but I suspect it's here strictly for padding. North has the ditzy, naive bombshell thing down pat, probably because she is one. But, unlike most window-dressing women in these movies, she is to be commended for exuding real charm, even if she stumbles around her lines. She may have been hired for her body alone, but she's no cardboard standup, either. (Aside: The amount of flesh revealed in this film allows the viewer to note that one of her nipples is much higher on the breast than the other.)

Lending their, um...*support*, are Tammy Parks and Raelynn Saalman as Angel's enemies for the coveted magazine crown. Former scream queen Michelle Bauer shows the new trajectory of her career by playing a dowdy, fully clothed nurse. Some guys are in it, too.



KISS Meets the Phantom of the Park
(1978)
Worldvision Home Video
★★★★☆

In a true video rarity, everyone's favorite '70s glam-metal band KISS is scheduled for three concerts at the Magic Mountain Amusement Park. Evil park designer Anthony Zerbe (*Cool Hand Luke*) not only detests rock 'n' roll, but learns he's being fired, so he clones the band into robots, kidnaps the real KISS and unleashes his creations during the final concert, in hopes the crowd will get angry, incite a riot and destroy the park.

However, he never counts on KISS having super-powers. Even though they play themselves, Gene, Ace, Peter and Paul have somehow acquired the ability to fly, disappear at will, read minds and shoot lasers from their eyes. Gene can even breathe fire, while Ace says "Ack!" a lot, as though he's coughing up a hairball. The source of their magic abilities is a cosmic forcefield, without which they will not tour.

KISS not only kick 'n' spar with their clones, but with other automatrons like Frankenstein and the Mummy, and a whole team of silver-wardrobed robots with kitty-cat heads.

The opening credits having the band singing "Rock & Roll All Night" while being superimposed over carnival rides. They also sing other songs during the concert sequences, while disco music makes up the suspenseful score. Look out for *Blade Runner*'s Brion James as a security officer.

Since this was made for TV (and produced by Hanna-Barbera, no less), the band is not shown spitting blood, impregnating groupies or making plaster casts of their penises. You do, however, get to see them sitting around the swimming pool cloaked in shiny robes.

Moon of the Wolf
(1972)
Simitar Entertainment
★★★★☆

Scream of the Wolf
(1974)
Simitar Entertainment
★★★★☆

How does one go about defining "made-for-TV greatness?" I suppose the definition would have to include big-name (but down-on-their-luck) stars, clichéd characters, non-existent budgets and the beguiling way it has of charming you with its overall ineptness. But hey, maybe these two examples will clarify things a bit.

Moon of the Wolf stars ex-*Fugitive* David Janssen as a Louisiana bayou sheriff who's quite possibly the least likeable "hero" I've ever run across. He grunts, barks and finger-points his way through an investigation of a string of gruesome murders that has the locals fearful that a "loup-garou" is on the prowl.

Somehow in all this, he manages to woo Barbara Rush (what was *she* thinking?) and discovers that the hairy thing doing all the killing is actually wimpy Bradford Dillman! With awful make-up and editing, it's made even more amusing by the presence of Royal Dano and Geoffery Lewis as inbred Cajuns, which probably wasn't too much of a stretch for either man.

Scream of the Wolf is the result of a collaboration between *Dark Shadows* producer Dan Curtis and frequent *Twilight Zone* scribe Richard Matheson. Starring our old friend Peter Graves, the storyline of this cheapie is actually clever enough to merit three stars or so alone. A series of mutilated bodies have been found and the tracks leading away from the scenes suggest an animal unknown in those parts. Pete tries to get his old buddy Clint Walker to help get to the bottom of things, but Clint doesn't much care for other folks' problems and just wants to go hunting.

You're thinking typical werewolf movie, right? I won't spoil it for you, but let's just say that Mr. Matheson reaches into his old bag of tricks for the rather surprising and satisfying conclusion. In spite of the superior quality of the story, this one also amuses at times with its horrendous editing and unmistakable '70s feel. (I swear, I just knew from the vintage '70s cheesy fusion theme that Ponch and John were going to come along at any minute and save the day.)

These videos are now available together in a two-tape package entitled *Werewolf* that's well worth the $10 I shelled out for it. Watch them today and experience the "greatness" firsthand. —*CH*

Meet the Feebles
(1989)
N/A
★★★☆☆

Have you ever wondered what kind of visions Jim Henson would have experienced during an LSD trip? Peter Jackson's wildly outrageous cult movie about Muppetry gone horribly awry contains lots of sex, drugs, violence and profanity, and is so completely over-the-top that it almost enters the realm of indescribability. No, Toto, we are definitely not in Kansas anymore...

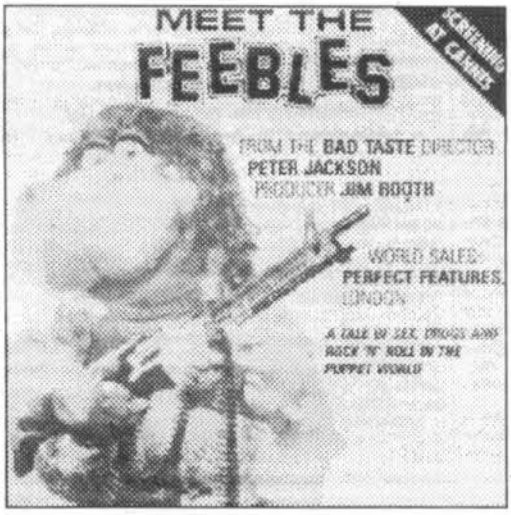
The action centers around the "Fabulous Feebles Variety Hour," a lavish production group that consists of one of every conceivable animal on God's green earth who all lead the kind of sordid and unsavory lives that

would make rock stars blush. For starters, there's Bletch the walrus, the show's producer and drug supplier; Trevor the rat, the road manager who also runs a pornography ring; and Bobby the alligator, who has a smack addiction and Vietnam flashbacks.

And don't forget Heidi the hippo, the grossly obese star of the show who starts mowing cast members down with a machine gun during a psychotic outburst.

For all its shock value, *Meet the Feebles* really has no plot or point. Arguably, something as bizarre as this doesn't really need one, but without it, Jackson has to resort to numerous Feebles production numbers in order to pad it out to feature length.

These really slow things to a grinding halt and make it almost impossible to stay away from the fast-forward button – though the number entitled simply "Sodomy" did give me a good laugh.



Whether you love it, hate it, or simply can't figure out what the heck is going on, this is unlike anything you've ever seen.

Kinda makes me wonder what Kermit and Miss Piggy are like backstage. *—CH*

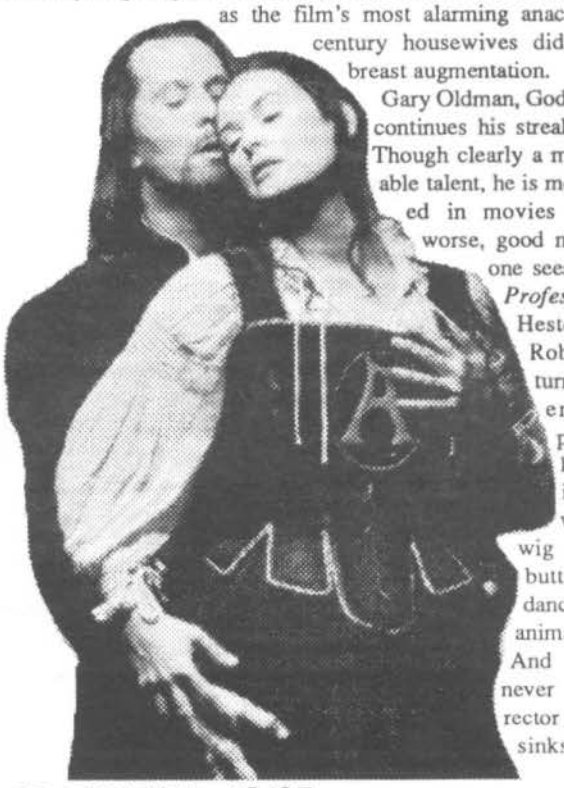
All videos reviewed in the Videos *section were written by Rod Lott, except those denoted with a "CH," which were written by Chris Henry, who, once again, would like to reiterate that he did not write last issue's* Video Bingo *review or, for that matter, this issue's* Giant Construction Equipment *review.*

FLICKS

The Scarlet Letter

Classic novels have long been a source staple for the cinema, and when the shelves are rummaged for such a use, the long-dead author is handsomely rewarded with an "adapted from" credit. In Roland Joffe's *The Scarlet Letter* (Hollywood), the credit becomes "freely adapted from," which, as it turns out, comes not to mean "We've taken some serious liberties here," but rather, "We haven't a clue what we're doing."

As Hester Prynne, the wife who gets knocked up through a consummated dalliance with the local reverend, Demi Moore once again proves her success is showbiz's biggest fluke. Infinite layers of Puritan garb can't hide this woman's complete lack of acting ability. Just try not to cringe or laugh when she says in her wavering accent, "'Tis *rare* for a man so *young* to speak with such *force*." It can't be done. She also serves as the film's most alarming anachronism; 17th century housewives did *not* undergo breast augmentation.



Gary Oldman, God bless his soul, continues his streak of bad luck. Though clearly a man of remarkable talent, he is most often wasted in movies like this or, worse, good movies that no one sees, such as *The Professional*. As Hester's husband, Robert Duvall turns in the most embarrassing performance of his career, having not only to wear a fright wig and show his butt, but also to dance with a dead animal on his back. And Joffe, while never a favorite director of mine, really sinks low here, aiming for artistic redemption by hammering viewers with His Big Metaphor; in this case, a candy-apple-red bird that Demi follows around as if she's never seen such a creature before.

Much rage has been vented at the filmmakers' choice to change Nathaniel Hawthorne's ending, and rightly so. I'm not so much bothered by doing so for the sake of artistic license as I am with the fact that the original ending is simply better. Having the two forbidden lovers remain forbidden was, and is, believable and real. The new, "happy" ending is too pat, too perfunctory and too much of a cop-out. What the audience is left with is an ego project that may look good, but an ego project nonetheless, with the ego in question belonging to Mrs. Willis. So as it stands, the faithful, made-for-TV adaptation with Meg Foster is the definitive screen treatment.

Here, the "A" stands for "asinine." Demi Moore be damned.

Mall'rats

Before John Hughes starting spooning out tired variations on his "babies, burglars and brats named Culkin" formula, the man made some good movies. *Really* good movies. In all seriousness, his angst-ridden, fun-loving teen trilogy of the late '80s – namely, *Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club* and *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* – carry as much pop-culture gravity as anything Spielberg or Lucas ever dreamed up.

That's why it's nice to see someone carry up the Hughes torch and make a movie that emphasizes – even celebrates – witty dialogue over plot and cookie-cutter characterizations over complex personalities, with a cool soundtrack floating throughout. I am talking about Kevin Smith's *Mallrats* (Gramercy), which is at once as lowbrow and high-concept as any of Hughes' masterpieces.

Smith shoots off a quick backstory of two friends whose girlfriends just dumped them not because it will serve as motivation, but simply because it's an excuse to get them to the mall, where the duo spend the next 90 minutes drowning their collective sorrow amidst mass-market commerce. T.S. (Jeremy London) is the serious college kid dead set on carving out a future, while pal Brody (Jason Lee) just wants to read comics. (It is not a stretch to close your eyes and imagine Brody being replaced in this film by Ferris Bueller.)

continued on pg. 40

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continued from pg. 38

At the mall, they discuss the cookie shack, escalator awareness and superhero sex as various supporting players wander in and out. Among the most notable are Silent Bob and Jay (writer/director Smith and Jason Mewes), two lowlifes with absolutely nothing to do but spend the day harassing security guards. Much funnier than Wayne and Garth ever hoped to be (a true feat considering only one of them speaks), Bob and Jay infuse this already comic movie with healthy doses of comic relief.

They did the same to *Clerks*, Smith's ambitious first feature which, despite its Circle K budget and black-and-white stock, actually became a hit. Not accidentally, *Mallrats* is much like *Clerks*: raunchy yet clever, stupid yet smart, simple yet inspired. My only complaint is that it's too short. *Mallrats* quickly moves from one set piece to the next. By the time you're completely immersed in its goofy charm, it's over.

Lee is a star in the making, Mewes makes for an enjoyable misanthrope, Smith is one filmmaker I don't ever want to see unemployed and *Mallrats* is a hysterical, soon-to-be cult classic.

WES CRAVEN'S Vampire in Brooklyn

Eddie Murphy began to lose a considerable amount of his luster when he began to wrestle control over his movies, namely with his scripting and direction of *Harlem Nights*. Considering his latest vehicle, *Vampire in Brooklyn* (Paramount), finds him having roles as not only the star, but as story writer and producer, his star continues to shine like an Everready-run pocket flashlight in a Maine morning fog.

Although the film, directed by Wes Craven, has a promising opening, it quickly loses credibility and any sense of structure when it shifts uneasily from horror to comedy, and back again, with the main problem being that it isn't particularly scary or funny. Surprisingly, the blame lies mostly on Murphy, who drifts through his role with an unconvincing cockiness and an accent that recalls not a lineage of Transylvania bloodsuckers, but rather that of a grumbling elderly Jewish man, a character Murphy has played to the hilt in the past.

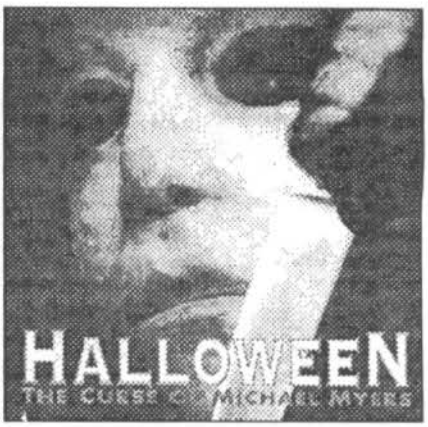
Still, he and the cop-partner team of Angela Bassett and Allen Payne should be commended for not stooping to the embarrassing Fetchitesque shtick of the supporting cast (Kadeem Hardison and John Witherspoon, in particular). Engaging in this mindless mode entails a lot of arm-flapping, motor-mouthed nonsense that makes them look like fools, pandering to the lowest common denominator.

At this point, Murphy had better re-examine his career, if he wants to have much of one any longer. He works best keeping his involvement confined on-screen. For his own good (and ours, too), Murphy should relinquish his autocratic grip.

One Sign That Merchant and Ivory Have Gone Completely Bonkers

The dueling garden tools scene, *Feast of July*

John Carpenter started a horror film phenomenon back in 1978 with the original *Halloween*. Although his output of recent years has roundly disappointed critics and audiences (*Village of the Damned*, *Memoirs of an Invisible Man*), we know he could certainly accomplish much more than first-time director Joe Chappelle has (or hasn't) in *Halloween: The Curse of Michael Myers* (Dimension), the sixth film in the series, which, like its evil subject, refuses to die.



By now, the machinations of the series have become so familiar that this installment barely allows much time for the routine set-up: It's Halloween night again, and the murderous lunatic Michael Myers has once again emerged from the shadows to return to his hometown where he killed his family several years ago. Townspeople, ignoring the warnings of Dr. Loomis (Donald Pleasence), die by Michael's worn – but still very able – butcher knife.

The remaining minutes has audiences waiting for the cast to meet its inevitably gory fate. And that's exactly what happens. Chappelle tries nothing new, which is what is so desperately needed. Like its immediate predecessor, 1989's *Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers*, *Curse* raises more questions than it cares to answer, once more feeling like a springboard for another sequel. This time, it is hinted that Mr. Myers' curse is reawakened when a certain cluster of stars line up in some precise order, and thus, that our faceless friend may come from space. Such a story would be interesting, so why didn't they explore that?

As expected, the ending – if one can call it that – is unsatistfactory and abrupt. *Curse*'s one saving grace comes in the form of star Paul Rudd, the affable everyman who charmed the pants off many female moviegoers in this summer's *Clueless*. Several times throughout this movie, Rudd casts his knowing, cocked-smile look toward the camera, as if to say, "I'm better than this." And he is. —*Rod Lott*

Brad's Quick Picks

Since I don't have the time to attend *all* the screenings scheduled, my brother Brad, who likes *anything* free, graciously stepped in.

NOW and THEN

"I actually kinda liked it. It was cute. It frightened me to see that Thora Birch has blossomed."

POWDER

"I would've been pissed if I had to pay for it. A little bit goofy, it will be repeated on cable many times. Mary Steenburgen scares me."

Three Wishes

"I could kick your ass for sending me to this one. I was so bored I was picking my nails. The little boy flying was pure hilarity, though, yet to be rivaled, even by the likes of *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*."

For Your Holiday Viewing Pleasure...

Santa Visits the Magic Land of Mother Goose
(1965)
Something Weird Video
★★★☆☆

So what if the title's a bit of a misnomer? Santa doesn't really "visit" Mother Goose's so-called "magic land," but rather sits on his fat ass and reads about it in a book. Big deal. This is a kid's movie directed by blood baron H.G. Lewis, of all people. And even if it really has nothing to do with Christmas at all, it should be added to your holiday viewing agenda.

If there's ever an example of low-*low*-budget filmmaking, then this is it; the whole thing was filmed on a high school stage. The only thing missing is the polite applause of a sore-reared audience.

As the story goes (provided, that is, that Santa is reading correctly), Merlin the magician lets a slew of storybook characters out of an oversized Mother Goose volume. These include a ragdoll they call (out of sheer habit, no doubt) "Raggedy Ann" and a ghost named Casper, here portrayed not by high-dollar special effects, but a Kleenex on a string. A mean old witch appears to make things miserable, until Merlin does some tricks, some horrible songs are sung and Merlin does more tricks. Come to think of it, Merlin rules the film.

While your patience will be tested, some seriously spiked eggnog will see you through safely.

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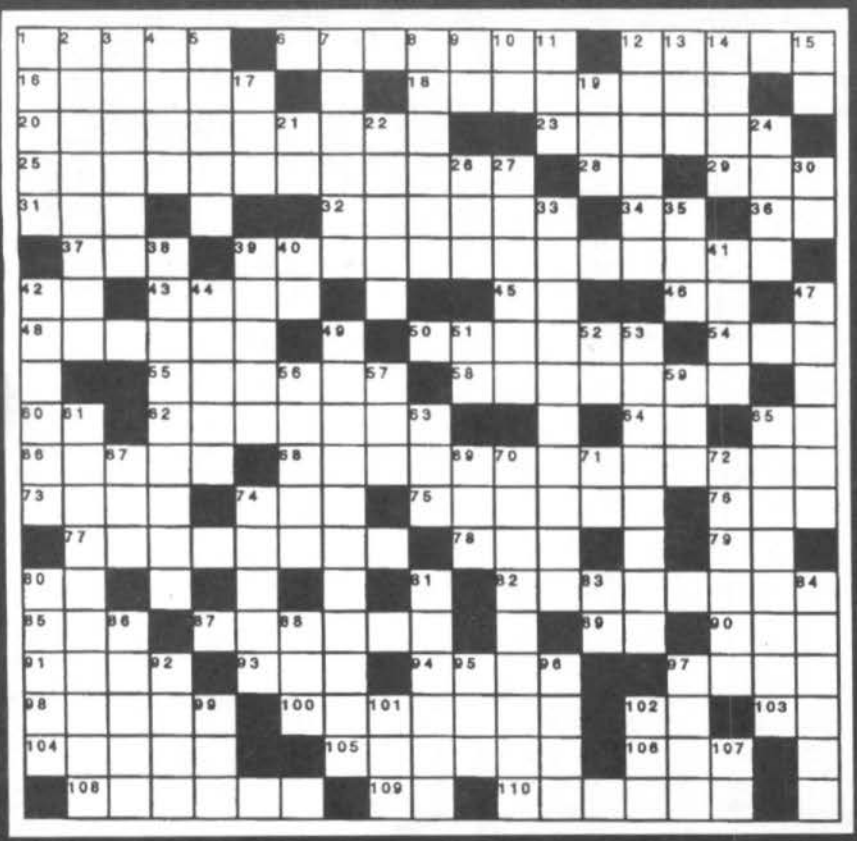
HITCH Crossword

By Taylor Holland



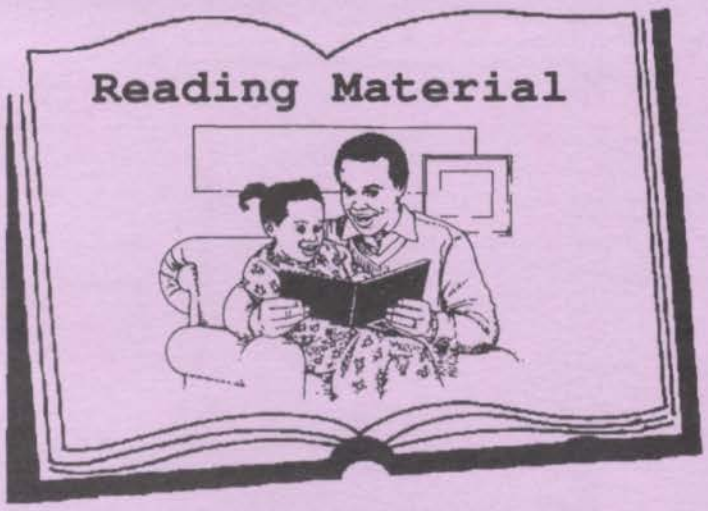
ACROSS

1 Noisy Marx-ist
6 Big mama of talk show hosts
12 Grandfather of Nintendo
16 Drunkest Kennedy
18 Commie airline
20 Biblical twosome
23 Popular computer adventure game
25 Golfer with an army
28 University of Alabama (abbr.)
29 Overseer of the Family Stone
31 Flanders, Beatty, etc.
32 Terrifying rodent-like animal
34 Do again prefix
36 Antonym of hi
37 Vengeful Atari insect
39 Star of "Beverly Hills 90210"
42 Armpit malady
43 California "—— Alles" – Dead Kennedys
45 University of Texas (abbr.)
46 Video game company
48 Creamy garbanzo spread
50 Pre-"Apes" Charlton Heston role
54 Snooty Boston University
55 Has-been Anson Williams played this tag-along
58 One of two atoms having similar protons and dissimilar neutrons
60 Tuberculosis (abbr.)
62 Methods or procedures
64 Tits and ass (abbr.)
65 SS, —, UU
66 Uncles' wives
68 Parisian landmark
73 Mac To—
74 '70s hairstyle
75 Big 8 Univ.
76 Cartoon chihuahua
77 Blondest Tilton
78 Actively de-bud
79 Pine Bluff postal abbr.
80 Muskogee postal abbr.
82 Hockey enthusiast
85 Singular appendage
87 Marvel's Henry Pym
89 Characteristic of Kentucky home
90 Dowtown Music Organization (abbr.)
91 Chair, stool, etc.
93 Lao Tsu was in touch with this
94 Iron Maiden tune "---- High"
97 Raised platform
98 Dr. Frankenstein signed ----'s paychecks
100 Yiddish "balls"
102 Degree of education
103 – -17
104 Probably went out with Hall or Oates
105 Foreign motorcycle manufacturer
106 Steubing, Pacific Princess = Noah, —
108 Those U.K. scum
109 Belongs to me
110 Hi-fi

DOWN

1 Skeletor's bane
2 "My Eyes ----d —" – Frankie Valli
3 War-ravaged African nation
4 Dad's stinky problem
5 Toothbrush brand
7 Hated and related group
8 Annoying CBS character
9 i.e., et. al., etc.
10 Shortest TV show title
11 Not me
12 Kneel at these, followers
13 NFL defensive back: --- Cook
14 Cash cows
15 Hospital item
17 Dungeonmasters play ---
19 Winter disease
21 Waco cola co.
22 Butters, margarines, etc.
24 Cuba is this to Russia
26 Psychic phenomenon
27 Syndication units
30 Hip-hop greeting
33 Typesetting machine
35 Extraterrestrial rapper
38 Hindshank equivalent
39 Kids
40 Clinton's HQ
41 Boring duck
42 Mountainous Asian country
44 Floating beacons
47 Island borough
49 Bosch's moniker
51 "– EI O" – "Old Mac Donald" line
52 University of Tennessee (abbr.)
53 Earth-grinding machine
56 Look too long
57 Emergency Medical Center (abbr.)
59 Diggety Dawber
61 Average middle-class car
63 Star Wars
65 Space-age noisemaker
67 Infinitous degree
69 Longer than an era
70 Lynch series
71 Are, presently
72 Russian rag
74 Trashy Michigan city
80 Watered-down British pop band
81 Sharp and sassy
83 Hi antonym
84 *"Dukes of Hazzard" sheriff*
86 New Zealand Indian tribe
88 --- Mahal
92 Wuss train
95 Blood/heart machine
96 Dung, manure, etc.
97 Dog, double dog, or triple dog
99 Her, to her or me
101 Stomach tablet
102 Flu
107 Cassius Clay's goal

Answers will be published in the next exciting issue of HITCH!

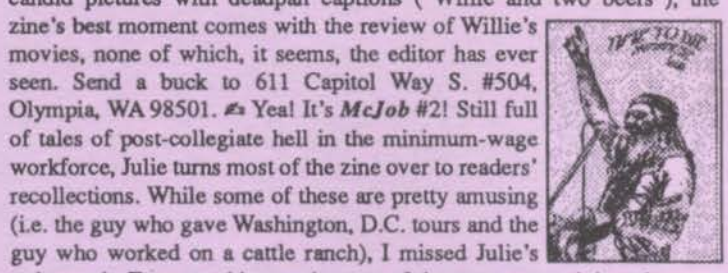


ZINES I GOT

Especially when you consider it's a first-ever effort, Louis Fowler's ***Damaged*** is one of those thick zines you can't wait to sit down with and read cover to cover. Though lacking in design, Louis' ideas speak for themselves. In his debut issue, he serves up a Christopher Walken fairy tale, examines stupid teen trends, assaults those pansy asses known as Green Day, has a 5,000-year-old monkey review *Waterworld* and pays tribute to the star of *Blacula* and the director of *Zombie 2*. Throw in some nifty artwork and demented artwork, and you've got yourself a zine that holds a lot of promise, particularly if Louis learns to use a spell-checker and to disengage the caps lock.

This "pop culture overload" can be yours for $2 and three stamps, 2728 N.W. 47th, Oklahoma City, OK 73112. ✍ Maybe it's because I'm not what you'd call a seasoned bowler, but I didn't get a lot of the jokes in ***Baby Split Bowling News***. Oh, I know it's funny, alright; I just don't get all the technical bowling terms. Still, it's an impressive stack of filled-to-the-brim pages, all somehow about bowling and aspects thereof. I related better to the same publisher's ***Office Supply Junky***, which, I must confess, I am. Whether it's paper clips or those expensive black felt-tipped pens, I just can't get enough. *BSBN*'s $4 and *OSJ*'s $3, both available from P.O. Box 7205, Minneapolis, MN 55407. ✍ As freebies go, ***Supergoo*** is a good one. Though pretty thin, I found some of it funny, particularly the five-page "Powercat!" photo-comic. They also wrote a letter to a local newscaster, but I'm proud to report they're no Mr. Clipson. Write a letter to P.O. Box 6602, Norman, OK 73070. ✍ The retro craze continues with the fourth issue of ***Heinous***, the zine infatuated with the exploits (stunt-wise and criminal-wise) of that '70s star-spangled motorcycle nut Evel Knievel. This edition details the latest Evel news (more trouble with the law), reprints the instructions for his Stunt Game (I preferred Parker Brothers' *Jaws* game), digs through the record bins of Evel-influenced indie bands and has a funny one-page Evel comic. As always, the thing is bound with the tape of a cool band (this time, the Ramones) and there's a cool surprise (a *Heinous* sticker in the form of the Hot Wheels logo).

It's well worth your $2 from Steve Mandich, P.O. Box 10412, Portland, OR 97210. ✍ The gang at Dilemma Productions produces some two-in-one comic books that sci-fi fans might be interested in. One title, ***Legend Killer***, has sort of a *Trancers* feel to it, but with a hero that kind of looks like Tim McVeigh. Flip the issue over, however, and you get the better ***Section 12***, about a misunderstood team of superheroes. While the writing doesn't explore any new ground (hey, enough with the Elvis jokes already!), the art is above-average for this kind of self-produced comic. Each issue is $2.50 from P.O. Box 803, Easthampton, MA 01027. ✍ The fifth issue of the always-themed, always-enjoyable ***Time to Die*** casts its eye upon that bandana-wearing, tax-evading hick Willie Nelson. With a history of Willie's life and some candid pictures with deadpan captions ("Willie and two beers"), the zine's best moment comes with the review of Willie's movies, none of which, it seems, the editor has ever seen. Send a buck to 611 Capitol Way S. #504, Olympia, WA 98501. ✍ Yea! It's ***McJob*** #2! Still full of tales of post-collegiate hell in the minimum-wage workforce, Julie turns most of the zine over to readers' recollections. While some of these are pretty amusing (i.e. the guy who gave Washington, D.C. tours and the guy who worked on a cattle ranch), I missed Julie's unique wit. Even so, this remains one of the most entertaining zines out there. It's $2 from Box 4763, Boulder, CO 80306. ✍ Draculina Publishing had a great idea to devote a magazine to live-action superhero films and television with ***Heroes on Film***, but I'm afraid they've blown it. Not only are there numerous errors, but the fanboy approach is in full force and, worst of all, they make no mention of where you can find the incredibly obscure films they fawn over. This is $4 from P.O. Box 969, Centralia, IL 62801. ✍ If you still haven't sent off $3 for ***Interesting!***, you are truly missing out. A straightforward collection of nifty facts and tidbits you've probably never heard before, this is my zine of choice to take to work when I have a few minutes to spare. I'm also happy to see Rich Sagall has added a cartoon section to the zine, which is a nice relief after pages of gray. Write to P.O. Box 1069, Bangor, ME 04402-1069. ✍ The third edition of ***Crime Wave U.S.A.*** talks about feet, farts and fried colon. The highlight here is Tracy Wells' no-detail-spared account of her one night stand with the sweaty-looking Mojo Nixon. It's worth $3 to hear about Mojo's "musky" coital smell. Um-kay. Write to P.O. Box 675283, Marietta, GA 30067-0013. ✍ The fourth issue of ***A Day Late and a Dollar Short*** is the best so far, with "*Star Wars* vs. Real Life," a PC retelling of Little Red Riding Hood and, in case its contents mystify you, a Cliff's Notes parody on the whole issue called "Clancy's Notes." Clancy is the editor of this for-$1 digest-sized zine, 677 Kennedy Blvd. #3L, Bayonne, NJ 07002. ✍ Spring's installment of ***idiot wind*** (now up to #55) contains a play-by-play commentary on a flatulence contest, chapter two of the work-in-progress "Day of the Barney" and ways to subtly encourage your neighbor to move, i.e. "Teach their children how to smoke" or "Film porno flicks in your backyard." Send a buck and a stamp to P.O. Box 87, Occoquan, VA 22125. ✍ As "the journal of pre-mortgage suburbia," ***Galleria*** has a great two-page spread of the TV shows of yesterday (or at least from the '80s), from *The A-Team* and *Riptide* to *Tales of the Golden Monkey* and *Star Blazers*. I also liked the tour of what was on each cable channel. The review of a mall's not bad, either, but the rest is pretty much to be skipped over, especially the poetry. It's $2 and three stamps from P.O. Box 146, Bethel, CT 06801.



BOOKS

There are exactly 5,614 movies reviewed in John Stanley's fourth edition of his ***Creature Features Movie Guide Strikes Again*** (Creatures at Large Press, $20), and every one of 'em is of the ilk reviewed in every issue of **HITCH**. This genre reference book is a wide step above the rest, thanks no doubt to Stanley's barbed, pun-heavy wit; the sheer volume of titles included; and the prodigious amount of photos and art. Kicking off with a couple of interesting essays, the book earns bonus points by including video label information to help you hunt down those flicks that have forever eluded your grasp. Although it's not quite as dog-eared as my *Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film*, it still gets consulted just about every day. Give yourself a Christmas present and order you one (see ad on pg. 39). ✍ Everyone knows Dave is a genius, so there's not much we could tell you about ***David Letterman's Book of Top Ten Lists and Zesty Lo-Cal Chicken Recipes*** (Bantam, $16) that you couldn't figure out for yourself. except maybe that it's probably funnier

than the first two collections. Example of a sign you're not going to win a Nobel Prize: Your doctoral dissertation is titled "Yeeow! Them Pins Is Pointy!" See what I mean? ✍ On the other hand, Burt Ward's tell-all about his days as Robin to Adam West's *Batman*, ***Boy Wonder: My Life in Tights*** (Logical Figments, $14.95), is one to bypass, if not totally turn you toward illiteracy. Frankly, Ward's written less of a showbiz memoir than a list of women he's filled with "BatSperm" (his words, not mine). Little more than an account of dalliance after dalliance (such as West's getting a blowjob in front of several ABC execs), this is an example of what happens when celebrities have way too much time on their hands. Among the revelations within: Ward rates the "muffin" of his cross-eyed wife an "A+++." Um, thanks, Burt. Humanity is better because of your contribution to literature. ✍ Nearly every conspiracy you've ever heard whispered about is detailed in ***50 Greatest Conspiracies of All Time*** (Citadel, $14.95), from the never-gonna-die granddaddies of JFK and UFOs to the more obscure ones, like Jim Morrison's faked death and NASA's faked Apollo mission. Written with a raised eyebrow (yet thoroughly researched) by Jonathan Vankin and John Whalen, the book is compelling reading, guaranteed to make you laugh one page and gasp in surprise the next. ✍ While I don't read comic books anymore, I was thrilled to read Paradox Press' first three entries in its ***The Big Book of*** series ($12.95 each), on weirdos, death and urban legends. Strictly compilations of true-to-life tales with each one illustrated by a different top comic artist, these books are fun, fun, fun. I even learned something, too. The one on weirdos features biographies of everyone from Adolf Hitler to Ed Wood. The one on death takes you on tours of famous graveyards and shows you how an autopsy is conducted. The one on urban legends is by far the most enjoyable, though, revisiting such classic schoolroom tales as the hook on the car door, the dog in the microwave and other stories you wish were true, but probably aren't. Upcoming volumes will tackle conspiracies, freaks and criminals. These books are readily available from Atomic Books (see ad below).

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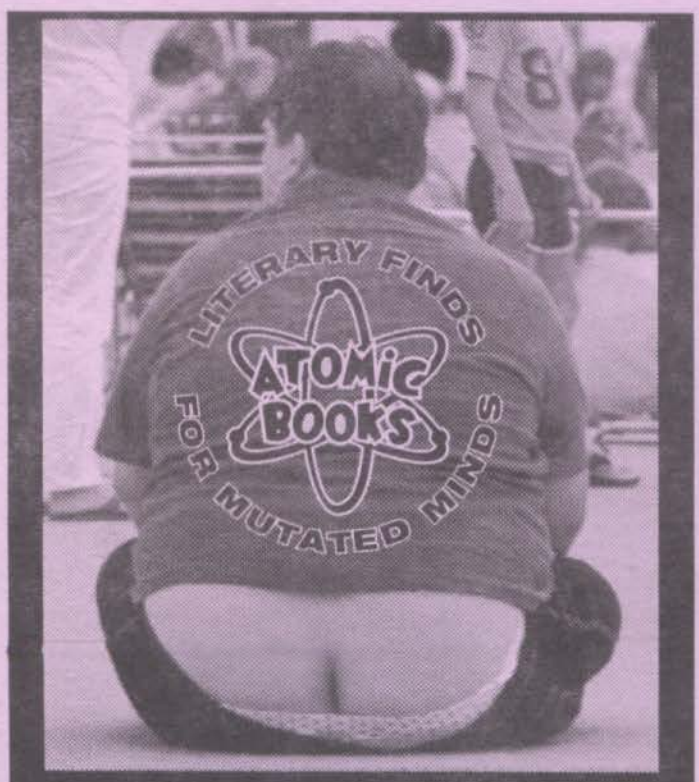

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